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Mr. Sandys Goes Shopping

SIR ANTHONY EDEN was blamed by his colleagues not so much for the Suez failure, but because he refused to admit that it had failed—and was thus psychologically incapable of taking the radical decisions which its failure made imperative. Mr. Macmillan is under no such illusions. He will attempt to turn a tactical defeat into a strategic victory by using the Suez debacle as an excuse for wholesale and popular cuts in Britain's defence spending. Such a move, which has long been contemplated, has in the past been prevented by the adamant opposition of the service chiefs.

Fortunately for the government, its service advisers speak with less authority than at any time since 1940; they are in no position to defend costly establishments. So Mr. Macmillan has been able to throw their spokesman, Mr. Head, on to the scrap-heap without raising a murmur, and replace him by a man who does not trouble to conceal his contempt for the opinions of senior officers, and who is an open advocate of cheap defence. Under the new regime, Mr. Sandys will have absolute power, except in matters of dress, ceremonial and discipline, over all three services, whose ministries will virtually disappear as policy-making organs of government. And Mr. Sandys himself has been given a clear mandate to reduce defence estimates.

How is this to be done? The idea that "cheaper defence" can be obtained by sheer ingenuity is chimerical. Large cuts are impossible without cuts in commitments. Unless we are prepared to cut our German and colonial establishments, or contract out of the nuclear arms race, our annual defence bill is likely to remain around £1,500 million—if not actually increase. If we still try to act as the policeman of the colonial world, we shall still need forces of a certain size, whose overheads, in pay, training and establishments, make up roughly two-thirds of our present defence outlay. Integration of the three services, on the basis of mobile, air-borne units with high fire-power, will effect some saving, but this will be largely offset, at any rate for some years, by the cost of re-equipment. Indeed, it is clear that Mr. Sandys will have to make at least one major cut in commitments to meet his target. By cutting the Rhine Army down from four to two divisions, he can get within striking distance of abolishing National Service—the real key to big defence savings.

However, what Mr. Sandys gains on the conventional swings, he is likely to lose on the nuclear roundabouts. Although Britain does not yet possess a proved H-bomb, we are already being overtaken by the age of guided rockets—and here we lag far behind both Russia and America. If we are to construct for ourselves an armoury of these weapons, both defensive and offensive, we shall be forced to make massive diversions of economic and scientific effort away from other fields of defence and from industry itself. Our defence bill will be increased, and our economy correspondingly weakened.

There is, however, a way out—and this is why Mr. Sandys has gone to Washington. The alternative to developing missiles ourselves is to buy some of them from America. America is now manufacturing medium-range missiles in limited numbers and, unlike the atomic warheads they are designed to carry, there is no legislative ban on their export to friendly countries. The Pentagon may be persuaded to agree to Britain's request, not primarily because we can offer something in return—such as use of the Woomera range—but because American defence planners are sensitive to British blackmail over our Nato commitments. This might seem a cheap and easy solution to our principal defence problem.

But the cost cannot be assessed in money alone. For the first time in our history we would be buying our capital military equipment from a foreign power. The question that both the man in the street and the brass-hats will now be asking—for no one believes that Britain would survive a nuclear world war, wherever the nuclear weapons come from—is whether Mr. Sandys' shopping trip in search of a marginal increase of security will make world war more or less likely.

Comments on the Week's News

Wages and Employment

Members of the T.U.C.'s economic committee went to see the Chancellor on Wednesday to discuss the government's economic policy in general, and in particular the effects of the Suez crisis. The T.U.C. General Council is worried not only about the immediate effects of the fuel shortage on production and employment but also about the longer run prospects, including fears of a coming sharp rise in the cost of living, especially if the Rents Bill becomes law in anything like its present form. The Council wants to know how long, and with what intensity, the credit squeeze is to continue, and what the government is intending to do if it leads to serious unemployment as well as to widespread short-time working. It seems unlikely that Mr. Thorneycroft will be able to give it much satisfaction. The government is clearly hoping that the existing round of wage applications will have been disposed of before a further substantial rise in prices occurs, and is probably encouraged in this hope by the N.U.R.'s decision, after its rejection of the Transport Commission's somewhat improved offer, to refer its 10 per cent. claim to arbitration by the National Staff Tribunal. Though the Commission promptly withdrew its improved offer when the N.U.R. rejected it, it will be surprising if the Tribunal awards anything very different from it. The N.U.R. is in effect showing its preference for having an unsatisfactory settlement imposed on it rather than accepting it as the locomotive men did some weeks ago. The Transport Salaried Staffs Association is still negotiating, and so are the underground railway workers, who are hoping for the more favourable settlement on the lines of that reached by the Transport and General Workers on behalf of the London busmen. As for the general economic situation, the figures just issued show that, whereas exports rose in 1956 and remained high through the year, imports fell fairly sharply. As for employment, late in 1956 the total number of unfilled vacancies fell for the first time in recent years below the number of unemployed, not counting those on short time.

Who Leaves Home?

Since the Suez crisis, Dominion immigration offices and travel agencies have been besieged by would-be emigrants. It is very difficult now to secure passages for North America or the Antipodes because the space is being taken both by those travelling at their own expense and by those —about half—who have been given assisted passages. The numbers are now high enough to cause some concern: even at the much lower and pre-Suez rate, about one per cent. of our population has migrated to Canada alone since the end of the war, and the annual rate now seems to be running four to five times as high. The steep increase in emigration by skilled men from Coventry and other centres where the edge has gone off the boom is understandable. If there is no work here, why not go where the demand is still unsatisfied? But Britain—where it is increasingly difficult to get young men to serve full apprenticeships—cannot afford to lose too many skilled workers. And the latest wave of emigrants has not been recruited mainly from those who are out of work: it includes scientists, technologists and other professional people who are giving up relatively good and socially valuable posts in this country. We do not know exactly how many have gone, or who they are. But the available statistics are impressive enough both to worry government departments concerned with the supply of labour in this country and those who feel this is becoming a critical vote of no-confidence in the future of this country. The Commonwealth immigration departments are careful to keep in close touch with the relevant ministries here, and to avoid any suggestion that they may be "poaching" our skilled labour. If the flow continues at the present rate, it will become an urgent matter of national policy.

Football Unionism

For eleven years Mr. James Guthrie has been the paid chairman of the Football Players Union. During that time he has negotiated a substantial increase in both basic wages and bonus, developed insurance schemes to cover injury and secured a welfare scheme to help players when their football career ends. He has had to face the normal difficulties of any trade union official who negotiates with employers and some difficulties which are peculiar to his own union. The playing life of a footballer is much shorter than the working life of, say, a miner. Hence, the turnover of members is much greater than that of any other union—which makes it harder for the permanent officials to follow a consistent policy; and even within the limits of a member's playing life, the period during which he is likely to be active in the union is further cut because at the beginning of his career he will be busy trying to establish himself in his team and towards the end of it he will be busy finding and preparing himself for a job off the field. If he is hoping for a non-playing job in football—as manager, scout or groundsman—he will be careful to do nothing which will annoy the men who have these jobs in their gift. A militant union organiser like Guthrie is therefore certain to arouse the opposition not only of the employers but of at least some of his own members; and, with the guile which was commonplace fifty years ago when most unions were still struggling, football employers have played on this opposition by suggesting that if only Mr. Guthrie were replaced by someone more reasonable, the union would get everything it asked for. This behind-the-back pressure was intensified when Mr. Guthrie launched the campaign to abolish the existing "slave" contract, the only one still in existence which prevents a man from changing his job without the permission of his employer when his contract expires and which sets a maximum on his wages. When Mr. Guthrie further induced his union to affiliate to the T.U.C. and got the powerful backing of that body for his campaign, the employers may well have felt that this contract and the transfer system it embodies were seriously threatened. Now Mr. Guthrie has been peremptorily rejected by his union.

Coberine and Constitution

In the future it may well be seen that the invention of "coberine" in 1957 was more important for the people of the Gold Coast than the visit of the Colonial Secretary. This manufactured substitute for cocoa butter could have a profound effect upon the whole economy of a nation so totally dependent upon cocoa production. Coming at a time when the price of cocoa has now fallen to £175 a ton—less than two years ago the price was over £400—it is one more danger signal to the whole development of Ghana as a modern state. Mr. Lennox-Boyd has acted wisely in refusing to deviate from the policy of independence initiated by the Labour government. His object in visiting the Gold Coast now is to make a further attempt to bring the government and opposition into some form of *modus vivendi*. Everyone here earnestly hopes for his success. The essential object must be not to secure agreement between the government and opposition who legitimately differ in policy, but rather to create an atmosphere in which both sides can share the platforms of independence celebration on March 6.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Doctrine Without Dulles?

Our Washington Correspondent writes: There is a growing conviction here that the days of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State are numbered. His unfortunate ineptitude in dealing with America's allies, of course, counts against him. And his demonstrated inability to get along with Congress severely limits his future effectiveness. But it is the failure of American foreign policy which necessitates his removal. A new personality at the top is required to give expression to a fundamentally changed approach to world affairs. In the past, President Eisenhower —always a "team" man—has left the conduct of foreign affairs very much in Dulles' hands. But, it is said here, the President has been asserting his authority over international affairs with increased vigour ever since Dulles' enforced absence during his illness last November thrust upon Mr. Eisenhower day-to-day duties in this field. The Republican concept that Dulles is the indispensable man is dwindling fast. President Eisenhower has a reputation for loyalty to his associates—although he is not quite as tenacious in this respect as was Mr. Truman—but it is thought here that if Dulles were "voluntarily" to decide to quit the President would not press him to stay.

The unusually ferocious attack on Dulles in the Senate may paradoxically lengthen his tenure at the State Department. Politically it is impossible to retreat under such fire and for face-saving reasons the Secretary of State may stay in office until the present uproar has subsided. But there can be little doubt that the Democratic Senators Fulbright, Russell, Mansfield and Humphrey have succeeded in impressing upon President Eisenhower their utter lack of confidence in Dulles. What they have been trying to tell the President is that a blank cheque for the Middle East will not be forthcoming if Dulles is going to be left to cash it.

The most dramatic moment in last week's Senate hearings on the Eisenhower "doctrine" came with Senator Fulbright's demand for a review of Dulles' conduct of foreign affairs. He called the Middle East proposal the equivalent of a vote of confidence in the administration's record and went on to say that he for one was not willing to give it until he had discovered how the United States and its allies have got where they are now. Tension accumulated almost unbearably as Fulbright detailed in his soft southern accent the

harsh points of his indictment. Dulles, who usually gives an impression of unshakable self-assurance, froze in his seat as if making a vast effort to control himself. Admiral Radford and the other senior advisers from the State and Defence Departments sitting behind him tried not to watch him. The members of the two committees—Foreign Relations and Armed Services—are not only powerful but are also unusually competent. They knew that it was no laughing matter to attack the Secretary of State at this time. That they felt it a disagreeable duty was evident.

Aden

The Refugee Sheiks

A Correspondent writes: In all the hullabaloo at the sight of British troops in action on the frontiers of the Western Aden Protectorate against Yemeni regulars, one fact has been missed. The 2,000-odd Aden levies which were raised with just such emergencies in mind have proved totally incapable of dealing with them. This is not because of the fierceness of the fighting: up till now this has been no more than a pot-shot war which the Yemen has started with obvious propagandist intent. But the levies tend to run at the first shot. There have been large-scale desertions and even cases of near mutiny. Only a few months ago the levies were put back into service after a supposed stiffening of morale. Now they will have to be dissolved and reformed. Their British officers, who have always been drawn from the RAF Regiment, will now be seconded from the Army. But the real trouble is less easy to cure. Every mess has a radio-set and Arabs in the levies are one of the main targets for Cairo Radio's propaganda. They seem to have a ready ear for such programmes: recently the ominous cry was raised among the levies that we were setting Arab against Arab.

Equally serious is the defection of two of the local rulers under British protection. The Sultan of Upper Aulaqui, who agreed to an advisory treaty with Britain in 1952, recently fled over into the Yemen. His flight would have been almost comic if the position was less grave: he scribbled a confused note for his successor and dashed off in his nightshirt. He was followed last month by the Muflahi sheik from near Dhala, who also abandoned his territory and fled to the protection of the Imam. Neither had cause to fear they would be deposed if they stayed. The Sultan of Upper Aulaqui has been at loggerheads with his would-be advisers for several years. His principal grievance is that they have supported the claims of a sheik to a part of Upper Aulaqui which is by rights his own territory. There is reason to believe that the Sultan is right; while the sheik on whose account the Sultan has been alienated has proved a difficult ally to handle. The motives for the flight of the Muflahi sheik are believed to be similar to the Sultan's.

The two ex-rulers, with their special grievance, have now joined the growing number of exiles in the Yemen. The general grievance is that we have supported the rulers at the expense of their subjects. Many of the petty sheiks, whose rule, often corrupt and autocratic, is guaranteed by British troops, have indeed enjoyed unprecedented power since the advisory treaties. They have been raised from the status of *primus inter pares* to that of absolute ruler. This was done because the first British advisers genuinely misunderstood the status of the sheiks and the mistake is now recognised. But it is still to be remedied: the number of dissidents continues to mount. The gloomy truth is that many serious errors have been made, while the area has received little positive benefit from British protection in return. Economic development is prevented not merely by the lack of British capital but by the absurd tariff barriers still maintained between the petty states. Exports of fruit and vegetables, for instance, from the fertile mountainous regions round Dhala are quite uneconomic. With six customs posts to pass in 80 miles imports from this area would be more expensive in the markets of the colony of Aden than those flown 1,000 miles from Eritrea. Of course federation, if it came, would put an end to tariffs; and it would also spread the power of the rulers more equitably. But federation seems as far away as ever.

Paris

Apathy and Violence

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The second ballot of the Paris by-election amply confirmed the tendency shown in the first: a sharp swing towards the "classic" right. Pierre Poujade, who gambled heavily on the success of his own candidacy, was roundly defeated, receiving only a third of the votes which went to the Poujadist candidate in this division at the general election. The moral of the ballot seems to be that the French want the present *status quo*, and that they are not interested in new experiments, either on the left or on the right. André Philip, now leader of the anti-Mollet wing of the Socialists, summed up the current political situation when he said recently: "The right is lying low because its policies are in power; the left is lying low because its leaders are." Other commentators have noted, sadly, that for the first time in the history of the Republic, a government has suffered a major military and diplomatic defeat without evoking a public demand for an inquiry. The plain fact is that people are too confused to be anything else but apathetic.

But in the midst of the general indifference there is an undertone of violence. For the first time since the 1948 strike-wave, Parisians can see steel-helmeted police at all the big cross-roads, and squads of riot-troops in the industrial districts. The battle between France and the Algerian nationalists finds its echoes even in Paris. On the eve of the U.N. debate, nationalist organisations have called an eight-day general strike of all workers of Algerian origin. The big Algerian towns are deserted—everyone is locked in their homes—and Arab shopkeepers have refused to come to their shops even after the French police smashed in the closed shutters. In metropolitan France, the strike has been less successful, but massive security measures have been taken and the police have carried out raids pretty well everywhere. On Monday evening I saw the police in action near the Gare St. Lazare, cordoning off blocks of streets and arresting everyone whose skin, or clothes, made them suspect North African origin. Meanwhile, at the United Nations, the climax approaches.

NEXT WEEK

What can we do about Hungary?

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

Sartre, Picasso & the Communists

by K. S. KAROL

Westminster

Bill of Wrongs ?

The government's new proposals for tightening civil service security may end the post-Suez lassitude that at present lies on the House of Commons. Until both parliament and the civil service have considered the full details, there can, of course, be no debate; but the preliminary statement on Tuesday by Enoch Powell suggests that when the debate does come there will be far more controversy than there was over the original White Paper in March of last year.

Already protests have been made by the Institute of Professional Civil Servants and by the Society of Civil Servants; and Mr. Benn Levy's committee "for the limitation of secret police powers," representing a wide section of political opinion, has at once resumed the activities which, temporarily, were submerged by the Suez crisis. But the most significant developments are likely to come from inside the two political parties.

It is known that before the Blackpool conference, the national executive of the Labour Party was sharply divided on the issue and it was agreed only by a small majority to recommend the rejection of Mr. Levy's resolution. Partly because of the strength of feeling which showed itself on the floor of conference, however, the executive has been thinking again, and has called for a new draft of the section dealing with civil service security in *Personal Freedom*.

The four points put forward at Blackpool, and rejected by the executive, were (1) that all rules governing security should be approved by parliament; (2) that anyone accused on security grounds should be informed of the charges in writing, should be told of his right of appeal and should be entitled to legal representation; (3) that in place of the three advisers, three High Court judges should hear the appeal, *in camera*, and that, as in treason trials, the accused should be confronted with his accusers; and (4) that any misconduct by security officers should be reported by the Lord Chancellor to the Privy Council.

In the meantime, opinion in a section of the Conservative Party has been hardening. The frustration produced by the Suez adventure is already revealing itself in the behaviour of the government's rumbling appendix below the gangway—a small group composed of such men as Mr. Nabarro, Mr. Fell and Colonel Bromley Davenport, whose repressions are coming out in a rash of adolescent horseplay. These members obviously want to take it out of somebody. This week, the target was foreigners who get the benefit of the Health Service. Next week it may be Jews; and the security debate, when it comes, will give them the chance to have a go not only at Communists but at Socialists (long haired and disruptive), Liberals (long haired and sentimental), and moderate Conservatives (long haired and lily-livered).

This does not mean, however, that the conflict will be strictly on party lines. There are in the Labour Party a number of old retainers who will always touch their forelock to what they consider to be the needs of the administrators, especially if in so doing they can kick the shins of anyone whom they consider to be intellectual. In the Conservative Party, besides liberal-minded men like Ormsby Gore and J. E. S. Simon, who for a time were active in the national campaign against the security proposals, and are now ministers, there are many who object on principle to "snoopers," whether these be inspectors from the Ministry of Agriculture, public health officials—or security officers.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Annexation of Kashmir

THE best of cases can scarcely survive seven and a half hours of eloquent advocacy; the audience decides long before the end that the speaker is either playing for time or covering up an essential weakness by a mountain of detail and a flood of rhetoric. In the case of Mr. Krishna Menon's filibuster, U.N. delegates freely made both interpretations. For Delhi's real case for retaining Jammu and the Valley of Kashmir was not relevant to the resolution which the U.N. was discussing. India is in default because she has assumed the right to accept the incorporation of Kashmir on a basis of a decision by a government which seized power by a *coup d'état*, imprisoned nine members of the Assembly and has kept the former Kashmir prime minister in jail, without trial, for more than three years. Even those powers which least wanted to offend India (Britain included) could not vote in support of a *fait accompli* which violated Mr. Nehru's promise of a plebiscite and ran counter to United Nations resolutions.

India's real case in Kashmir has by now been largely forgotten. Yet it is beyond doubt that in 1947 the Maharajah, terrified by the depredations of advancing tribesmen (deliberately channelled into Kashmir by the Governor of the North-West Frontier Province) did accede to India, and that (according to Pakistan's own interpretation) this made his state legally part of India. India went to the United Nations in order to obtain a verdict against Pakistan as an aggressor. Pakistan's illegal action in reinforcing the tribesmen with regular troops was eventually denounced in the United Nations. But the U.N. also sought to give effect to Nehru's promised plebiscite and it has never recognised the blatant *coup d'état* which ousted Sheik Abdulla. Thus the decision by the government in Srinagar to pretend to complete legal sovereignty over the whole of Kashmir without any consultation with the people puts India in the wrong. The charge that Bakshi Ghulum Mahommed is the head of a repressive and arbitrary regime in Kashmir is broadly justified.

If the facts are considered, India must admit that Pakistan controls the mountain areas to the north and west of the Valley and no Indian writ runs in these areas. Similarly, on India's frontier, Jammu is completely incorporated within India, and Pakistanis know they are talking nonsense when they suggest that survivors from the massacres of 1947 can now be repatriated as voters in a plebiscite. The dispute is really about the Valley, as both sides know, but, for propaganda reasons, refuse to admit. The Valley is the pride of Nehru's heart, and he has never at any time seriously contemplated giving it up since he saved it from the tribesmen by an improvised airlift of troops in 1947. He has, of course, a good practical reason for rejecting a plebiscite in conditions which would permit fanatics to turn it into a fierce, communal struggle such as it is his legitimate pride to have banished from India. Forty million Muslims live in India which is, in fact—as Nehru promised to make it—a democracy in which minorities, including the Muslim minority, can live at peace. It is only in Pakistan that any one pretends that the whole sub-continent ever can, or should, be divided into two states, one Hindu, one Muslim. Mr. Jinnah's fanatical attempt to carry out, even partially, this communal division resulted in an exodus of some 10 million people in which about one million were killed, either Muslims by Hindus or Hindus by Muslims.

None of this, however, was immediately relevant in the United Nations last week. India was asked to stay its hand just as the Israelis were asked to withdraw from Gaza and the Russians to vacate Hungary. Indians, like Israelis, refused, believing that right is on their side. But Mr. Nehru must be only too unhappily aware that this refusal has gravely impaired his influence in the world. In the last four years he has played a uniquely valuable part as the one important statesman who was not involved in the cold war, and who was therefore able to uphold U.N. principles. His future intervention will unhappily carry less weight. At home, too, it is indeed difficult to see how India's quarrel with Pakistan can be ended; it will continue to poison the wells of goodwill in both countries, to open the way for intrigue from the western and Communist blocs and to distort the economies of both countries by a monstrous burden of armaments which should have been combined for the defence of an uncommitted sub-continent.

The Guns of Aqaba

"WE used to say during our war of liberation that our secret weapon was that we had no other way. That is still our weapon today." The speaker was the local secretary of Histadruth and the tense group in the little parlour nodded approvingly. We had been listening on the news to Mr. Hammarskjöld's report on Israel's refusal to withdraw unconditionally from the Gaza strip and Sharm-e-Sheik and, once more, we were arguing the same points I had heard argued all over Israel. What should Israel do? Should she risk sanctions?—a renewal of war? "I beg you to believe that we are deadly serious," said the young trade unionist. "No government can survive which does not guarantee the security of its people. There was a lot of feeling in the country when we abandoned the El Arish line on January 15. Only Ben-Gurion could have carried it through. He staked his personal reputation on this withdrawal and he dare not go further unless we have watertight guarantees that the "fedayeen" raids and the blockade of our shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba will not be resumed. Whatever happens to us in the United Nations we cannot compromise on our survival. This is not a gamble for us; it is our only way."

There is no doubt about the intensity of feeling in Israel; the determination to "dig in" rather than return to the old insecurity. I found it everywhere, together with a total inability to understand how anyone could fail to see the justice of Israel's point of view. How far was this just another example of special pleading in which, to the outsider, Israel seems so skilled?

Four days later I found part of the answer in Sharm-e-Sheik—and not primarily in the arguments of the military commander. The answer is physical. To fly south from Israel's port of Eilat at the head of the gulf of Aqaba to Sharm-e-Sheik at its mouth is to establish two facts: first that this military camp is Egypt's only attempt at development in the whole area. From the army plane I had a Jehovah-like view of the mountainous wastes which border the narrow gulf—Saudi Arabia on the left, and on the right the Sinai peninsula. This must be one of the most geographically forbidding areas in the whole world. Over Sinai no sign of agricultural or economic life of any kind was visible and it was not difficult to believe Ben-Gurion's words that "Israel has no interest in the desolate strip of land on the shore of the Eilat straits." As the Israelis found when the Ninth Brigade struck south from Eilat on November 2, there is not even a road. It was in this wilderness that, some four years ago, Egypt decided to establish the military encampment of Sharm-e-Sheik.

The second fact is that Sharm-e-Sheik itself is of no military value. It is merely a straggling, unfortified group of barracks and stores. Its teeth are at Ras Nasrani, a mile or two away. This point on the shore opposite the island of Tiran is strongly fortified with strong-points set among minefields and a deep tangle of barbed wire. Here stand two 6-inch guns trained on the narrow strait, sufficient armament to blast out of the water any ship which tried to pass between Ras Nasrani and Saudi Arabia. These guns were breached by the Egyptians when they fled before Israel's southward thrust. There were also four 3-inch guns left undamaged, I was told, which the Israelis have since taken away. "They didn't need 6-inch guns to do the job," the young lieutenant told me laconically. "The strip between here and Tiran is only three nautical miles wide and it is the only navigable part of the Gulf at this point. In fact, allowing for reefs, there is only a channel of some 500 yards through which ships pass.

It is from this point that, ever since 1953, Egypt has been tightening her economic stranglehold on Israel. Israeli troops have also occupied the island of Tiran, ousting a small Egyptian force which took possession of the island in 1949, thus settling unilaterally the unresolved question as to whether it belonged to Egypt or Saudi Arabia. The Israelis found no civil life of any kind on Tiran, whose military occupation is in any case superfluous. It is from Ras Nasrani's guns that British ships have been fired upon; in July, 1955, the *S.S. Anshun* was actually hit. But few ships have tried to run the blockade—the threat from Ras Nasrani was enough to make them seek prior clearance from Egypt. And, as the records show, they have not had it if they were bound for Israel's port of Eilat, whatever their cargo. They have only had clearance for Jordan's port of Aqaba. Now the ships are passing by unchallenged. "We had a Lebanese ship last week bound for Jordan," shrugged the lieutenant. "We let her through."

To stand by these guns, whose only *raison d'être* is an act of economic war against Israel, is to understand Israel's utter despair at the tone of Mr. Hammarskjöld's report, with its tangle of legal arguments and its calm assumption that freedom of passage through the Gulf is a "controversial" question whose solution could not be "prejudged" by the use made of any United Nations force in the area. What this confusing phraseology means Israel can only guess in the light of experience. Mr. Hammarskjöld, on his peace-making missions, has never been to Ras Nasrani. He has never, I was told, been anywhere in Israel outside Tel Aviv. When he calls for the enforcement of the armistice agreement, Israel retorts: "What about Article I?" This, which forbids aggressive acts by any of the parties against each other, is violated, she claims, by the very existence of Ras Nasrani's guns.

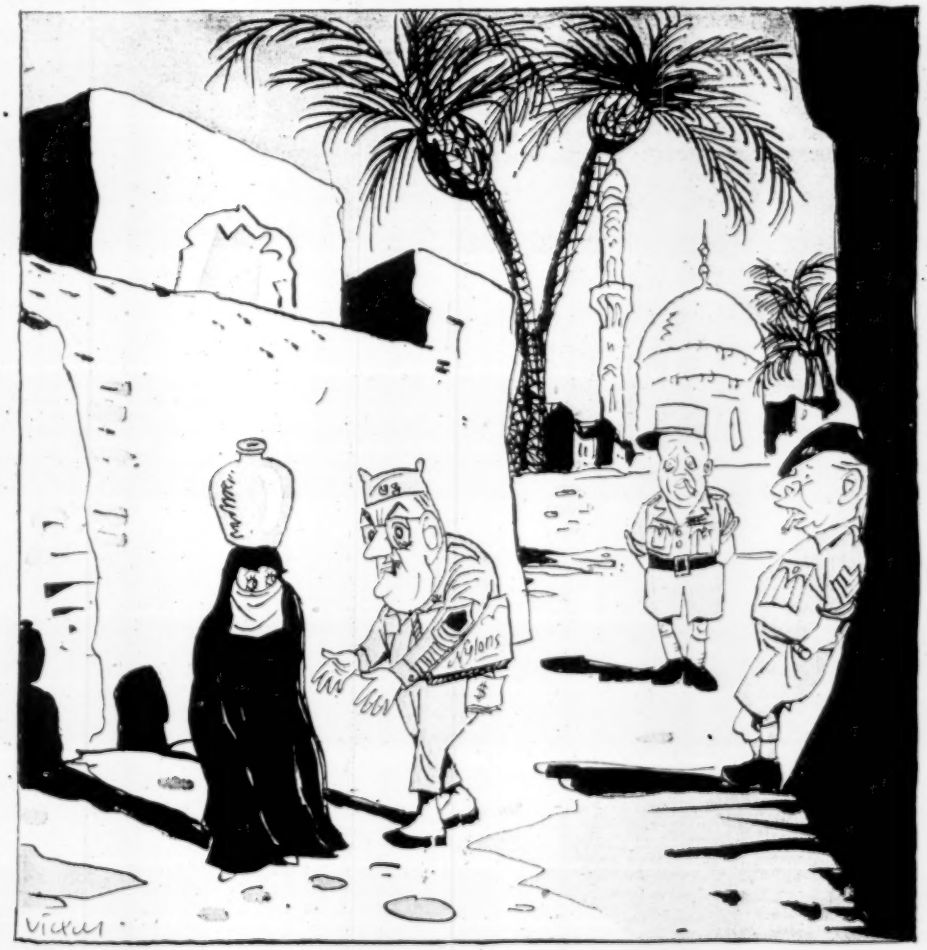
What, then, should be the future of Sharm-e-Sheik? To this the military have a simple answer: "Leave us here." The politicians are more accommodating. Ben-Gurion has announced that Israel will withdraw when a U.N. force moves in with instructions to remain "until a

final settlement is arrived at between Israel and Egypt or until some special arrangement on freedom of navigation in the Gulf is reached in agreement with Israel." In the meantime Israeli forces are definitely staying put. Proof of this determination can be seen at Eilat where a once ruined port is alive with activity. A new jetty is being built to take ships of 10,000 tons and the young mayor told me he has instructions to see that it is completed "within a month." But this is only a start; a quarter of a mile away two large new harbours are being planned, one for general cargoes, the other for tankers. Near them the storage tanks from which oil will flow north through the pipeline now being laid in the Negev are already rising from the sand. New homes are springing up to house the immigrants (one hundred arrived from French Morocco while I was there). To expanding Eilat any return to the old stranglehold is inconceivable. Even to risk it would be to destroy Ben-Gurion's authority.

None the less there is great anxiety in Israel. Behind a bold front she feels frighteningly alone and her mood is one of desperation rather than truculence. Ben-Gurion expressed the national will when he said to an enthusiastic audience from the "kibbutzim" that, if necessary, "we will provide our own guarantees." But even to do that, Israel must have friends. "If we had not had French Mystères, we should have been finished by now," an army spokesman assured me. Israel has no illusions as to what continued boycott would cost her—not least in the interruption of the economic development which enables her to fulfil her overriding national purpose as a refuge for the immigrants who are still pouring in. That is why I found that, privately, many people were prepared to compromise on the details of the plan which Mr. Eban submitted to Mr. Hammarskjöld—particularly on the occupation of the Gaza strip. Israel knows that the Gaza problem bristles with difficulties. She is convinced that a U.N. force would be powerless to stop raids organised by a hostile Egyptian administration in Gaza under the control of a government still publicly committed to a "second round." On the other hand she is aware of the dangerous precedent she has created by unilaterally altering the armistice lines. "We would leave the Gaza strip tomorrow if Egypt would sign a non-aggression pact with us," I was told more than once.

At present this appears an unrealisable hope but at least Israel believes it should form the basis of United Nations—and western—policy. What she seeks is that Britain and America should make it clear to the Arab world that Israel is here to stay and to leave them in no doubt (as they are at present) that her right to exist cannot be bartered for Arab friendship. Such a declaration, she believes, would profoundly influence the Arab mood and compel it to begin to face realities, however reluctantly. In such an altered atmosphere she would be prepared to discuss the future of Gaza less inflexibly. But on Sharm-e-Sheik she cannot compromise: to Israel it is the starting point of the new approach.

BARBARA CASTLE



"Gee, honey, I've got nuttin' to do wid dem guys. My intentions are strictly honourable"

London Diary

HEARING and reading more or less expert arguments about whether Britain ought to make nuclear rockets or buy them from America, my memory this week has been haunted by a vaguely recalled passage from G. K. Chesterton. As it is about journalism I suppose the most likely book is *The Flying Inn*, in which the hero is a journalist. But I have not yet found it. The passage, as I recall it, parodies the opening sentence of a leading article in some such words as this: "Leaving aside the question whether or not we ought to eat babies for breakfast, everyone will agree that they taste better roasted than boiled." So it seems to me all our arguments about defence have a suppressed preparatory sentence which runs like this: "Leaving aside the fact that any nuclear war will make Britain uninhabitable (and, if enough H-bombs are used, perhaps depopulate the planet), we must all agree that it is wise to get our guided missiles cheap."

* * *

A letter from Henry Usborne in the *Manchester Guardian* last Saturday was exceptional in not suppressing this major premise. He pertinaciously maintains his attack on sovereignty and his argument for supra-national federation—a position which, in general terms, is unanswerable. He argued on this occasion that the nuclear weapons should be left to America and that by acquiring them ourselves we are encouraging every other sovereign state, including Germany and Colonel Nasser's Egypt, similarly to equip themselves, with the result that "every tin-pot dictatorship will be able to blackmail the world." His conclusion is that we ought to equip ourselves only with a lightly armed police force and seek to "create a federation of nations willing to subject themselves to law under supra-national government." But if we are, in fact, going to make ourselves dependent on the U.S. for nuclear weapons, are we not in fact moving in Mr. Usborne's direction, though not by the method he desires? He seems not to see that sovereignty is in fact disappearing; it now resides only in two great power blocs. Britain, Germany, Egypt, and the "tin-pot dictatorships" are all being driven into these blocs, loudly shouting about a sovereignty that they are steadily, surely and willy-nilly surrendering.

* * *

I don't believe that the treatment of the British students picked up in Hungary depends on whether the Communist authorities have a sense of humour. Rationally considered, it is obvious that spies don't enter a country in a revolution with obviously inadequate papers, driving an old car that breaks down and needs the help of the Russians to tow it. Clearly they are adventurous students who hoped to get from Belgrade to Vienna through Hungary on a transit visa and who would be anxious to renew contacts they made during the October fighting. But to the authorities who, throughout the Communist world, including the Soviet Union itself, are doing their best to stamp on all free student activity, their imprudence is a godsend. They provide just the kind of evidence that is otherwise so lacking of western intervention. I doubt if Kadar or his colleagues ever ask themselves whether what they say in any particular case is true because they believe a general thesis about a "counter-revolutionary plot," and instinctively seize on any incident that confirms it. One of the great curses of doctrinaire propaganda is that the doctrinaires come to believe their own propaganda. Georges Sorel, one of the seminal

writers on the subject, held that the myth of revolution may be as important as the revolution itself. Communists today have a similar myth of counter-revolution which seems to justify every act of violence which helps to maintain their power.

* * *

On December 8, 1956, Mr. Peter Fox, who had only recently gone to Cyprus and had taken a job there as a sub-editor of *The Times of Cyprus*, was shot while going into a cinema at Kyrenia. Whether he was the victim of some anti-British fanatic or whether he was mistaken for an officer in plain clothes no one knows. When she heard of this tragedy his sister in Worcestershire wrote a letter to Mr. Charles Foley, her brother's employer. In the letter she said: "I would be grateful if you could convey to the appropriate authority that Mary, Peter's father and I would like to feel that his death was not avenged." Mr. Foley, acting on this wish, published this extract of her letter in facsimile in *The Times of Cyprus*. Just a week later a detective-superintendent telephoned the sister and insisted on having an interview with her about the circumstances of her brother's death. It was plain that he was thoroughly embarrassed. Apparently he had received instructions from someone in Cyprus, whom he described as "his opposite number," to suggest to her that Mr. Foley had not only suppressed a vital part of the letter of which he had published two sentences in facsimile but was using her views in some sinister design. The sister was able to pour cold water on the first suggestion by showing a copy of the letter which she had sent to Mr. Foley; the parts "suppressed" related to directions about where to send her brother's effects. As to the second suggestion, she made it clear that it was her own wish that her family's views should be known publicly. The superintendent eventually persuaded the sister to let him take away Mr. Foley's letter to her, informing her of her brother's death, so that he could send a photostat to "his opposite number." He did not mention nor did she know at the time that the Cyprus government had recently launched a prosecution against *The Times of Cyprus*, alleging that it had published an article likely to prejudice the maintenance of public order. As soon as she found out, she telephoned to the superintendent to protest. He rather lamely tried to defend the Cyprus government, by saying of Mr. Foley: "Yes, but you know that he's not impartial and he ought to be impartial."

* * *

I hear that when Hyman Levy came back from the USSR last year, he was shocked by what he had learnt about the treatment of Jews in the Stalin period and by the subsequent failure to repair the deadly damage done to Jewish culture in Russia. Confirmation now comes from J. B. Salzberg, the most prominent of the Jewish Communists in Canada, who went on a party mission to Russia last year and had a two-hour conversation with Krushchev. Salzberg has now called for an "open polemic" against Krushchev by Jewish Communists, despite the fact that Krushchev's son is married to a Jewish girl. For Krushchev, Salzberg says, alleged that Soviet Jews would be untrustworthy in wartime, and added that he had sided with Stalin against a proposal to settle Soviet Jews in the Crimea on the ground that they would rise against the Soviet government if there were a war. This statement seems to imply that Krushchev at least approved the trial of a number of Jewish writers and the trade union leader Solomon Lozovsky, who were executed in August, 1952, on the charge that they were plotting to separate the Crimea from the Soviet Union. In passing, Krushchev also told Salzberg that the only tourists who have failed to return from the recent Soviet foreign holiday scheme were Jews; that when the Soviet army liberated a Ukrainian town in 1944, the Jews there refused to clean the streets; and he complained that when the Russians took over Bessarabia in 1940, most of the Jews there preferred to emigrate to Rumania rather than become Soviet citizens. I can understand Salzberg's anger, but I doubt whether he will get very far with his campaign for Krushchev's resignation.

* * *

How did it ever happen that man (not to mention woman) was ever considered a rational animal? The *British Medical Journal* of January 5 carried an authoritative article about the relation of smoking to lung cancer—one of the principal and increasingly common diseases of our day. I note that with "a person smoking 40 cigarettes a day" the chance of developing lung cancer is "70 times greater than that of a non-smoker." I learn that doctors now know the mechanism by which the cancer is caused. It is apparently the combustion rather than the tobacco that does the damage. The danger is much lessened by using a filter. It would be eliminated if we all learned to chew tobacco instead of smoking it. Yet the number of people who leave off smoking cigarettes—much the principal offenders—as a result of this horrifying evidence, seems to be small, and I hear that in the United States it has long been a pleasantry to offer your friend a "cancerette."

* * *

Here is *Der Spiegel's* version of an imaginary conversation between Herr Ullbricht and Chou En-lai.

Ullbricht: How many people in China are opposed to your government, do you think?

Chou En-lai: About 16 millions, I should say.

Ullbricht: How very odd! Almost exactly the same number as are opposed to us in Eastern Germany!

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Rev. J. A. Thomson says he is attracting record congregations to St. Nicholas's Church, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, by retelling the New Testament in terms of science fiction.—*Cambridgeshire Times.* (T. M. Macmillan.)

It is explained that, for convenience and brevity, the term Communist is used to cover Communist and Fascist alike.—Reply by Mr. Enoch Powell, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, reported in *The Times.* (E. H. M.)

Mr. McGougan told him that the case would be adjourned so that he could volunteer to rejoin the Army. He added: "If you do not volunteer you will go to prison for nine months."—*Daily Telegraph.* (Mary Shewell.)

Two knights were flying to New York in the same airliner today: Sir William Penney and Sir Laurence Olivier.

For nearly an hour they sat near each other sipping drinks in the special B.O.A.C. lounge. . . . But the two men did not speak.

Said Sir Laurence to my reporter: "Sir William must be a most interesting man. But I never speak to anyone when I am travelling, unless they speak to me first."

Said Sir William: "I would certainly like to meet Sir Laurence. But no one has introduced us."—*Evening Standard.* (S. Fairston.)

Fashion Note

"For the girl who bemoans her lack of curves there is a new-style padded bra, with shaped half-cups of foam rubber." *Evening Standard.*

How happy were they born and reared
Who needed not this rubber bust,
Who were, in fact, what they appeared,
With bosoms generous, but just;

Who did not, like Miss Mac, inflame
By figures contrary to fact,
Employing artifice to frame
The solid glory that they lacked;

Nor, like some sleazy dames we know
(The tawdry Muses of the *Fleet*),
Distort the news with foam and show
Only the contours of deceit;

Whom no such bloated Ego drove
To crimes and blunders overseas
Till they had pawned the kitchen stove
In desperate economies.

So once Britannia, laced in bone,
Controlled—like reasonable rent—
Sat not on Sandys, but on her own
Broad and substantial fundament.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Council of Peers?

IT would seem that we are in for yet another attempt to "reform" the House of Lords. It is unlikely to be more successful than its predecessors. The preamble of the Parliament Act of 1911 foreshadowed radical changes in the composition of the Upper House, which Mr. Asquith said "brooked no delay." The passage of half a century has brought us no nearer to them. And the reasons are not far to seek. The House of Commons will not tolerate another elected assembly; and public opinion will not tolerate the continued acceptance of the hereditary principle in any form as the basis of a reformed, and presumably more effective, second chamber.

In 1918, a conference presided over by Lord Bryce recommended the establishment of a second chamber consisting of 246 members, elected by the House of Commons, divided into geographical panels, and another 81 chosen by a joint committee from the existing House of Lords; and proposals on somewhat similar lines were put forward by Lord Chancellor Cave in 1925. Neither set of proposals succeeded in running the gauntlet of the Commons; and I am old enough to remember the haste with which the Baldwin government dropped Lord Cave's at the first sign of adverse criticism.

It is astonishing that, through all these years, the Conservative Party should have been content to watch the gradual demise of the House of Lords without taking the single, simple, and comparatively uncontroversial step which would have brought to it fresh vigour, broadened its representative character, enabled it to discharge its functions more effectively, and very possibly extended its life for an indefinite period.

The case for the creation of life peerages was powerfully stated by the late Lord Salisbury in 1869. After pointing out (what was then true) that the House of Lords did in fact represent large classes in the country, he said: "We belong too much to one class, and the consequence is that with respect to a large number of questions we are all too much of one mind. . . . We want, if possible, more representatives of diverse views and more antagonism. . . . There are a vast number of social questions deeply interesting to the people of this country—and on which many

members of your Lordships' House are capable of throwing great light—and yet these subjects are not closely investigated here because the fighting power is wanting and the debates cannot be sustained."

The late L. S. Amery carried the argument forward, in *Thoughts on the Constitution*.

> The only immediate reform I would introduce would be the re-establishment of the principle of the life peerage. . . . I would use the new power freely, but I would allow a reasonable number of years to pass, in order to enable the proportion of life peers to become substantial, before proceeding to confine membership mainly, or even exclusively, to those summoned in person as Lords of Parliament. . . . It would only gradually reduce the disproportion of parties. That is a disadvantage I should accept for the sake of continuity. It would be a mistake to destroy the essential character of the House of Lords in order to meet the theoretical requirements of a situation which may well prove purely transitory.

A pity it was not done thirty years ago. It may still not be too late. And, if the Tory Party wishes to maintain the House of Lords in anything like its present form, it would be well advised to confine its reforming zeal to this single proposal. The present Lord Salisbury has maintained that it is the hereditary peers who give the Lords its "independent character." This contention is demonstrably untrue. And my fear is that, if any attempt is made to tamper with its composition—even to the extent of imposing upon the hereditary peers the invidious task of excluding a substantial number of their own order from parliament—the whole edifice will collapse like a house of cards.

Envisaging this possibility, not without satisfaction, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, in a Fabian Tract (*The Privy Council and a Second Chamber*. 1s. 6d.), has revived a suggestion which made a great appeal to some of us younger Tories 25 years ago, that the Lords should be replaced by the Privy Council. There is much to be said for it; and indeed, if the decline of the House of Lords has now gone too far for recovery, it is the only practical alternative. As Professor A. V. Dicey wrote, the history of the Privy Council is nothing else than the account of the rise of all the great institutions which make up our national constitution; and our parliaments and law courts are but its outgrowth.

Except for those exercised by the judicial committee, Mr. Benn would reduce the powers of the Council to a point below those now possessed by the Lords, and below what any Conservative would consider reasonable, or even tolerable. This, however, could be the subject of inter-party negotiation. The advantage, from our point of view, would be that the new social forces in the community—scientific, economic, industrial—would be given representation in Parliament without any break in continuity.

There can, I think, be little doubt that a second chamber based on direct or indirect election would be quite unacceptable to the Commons; or that a "reformed" House of Lords based on the hereditary principle would be unacceptable to radical opinion in the country. It follows that the original character of the Upper House as a body whose members were specially summoned for the value or weight of the advice they could give to the Crown as individuals must be restored. There are two ways of doing this. Slowly, by means of the creation of life peers. Quickly, by the substitution of the Privy Council for the existing House of Lords. If the Tory party concentrates on the first, and the Labour Party gives adequate consideration to the second, there need be no constitutional struggle or deadlock; and, in time, we may all get somewhere.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

George Lukács

GEORGE LUKÀCS, who was Minister of Education in Nagy's second, short-lived government, was more than a Hungarian politician. Thomas Mann called him "the most important literary critic of today," and though Mann was no doubt influenced by the attention which Lukács had paid to his own work, I myself, who disagree profoundly with some of Lukács doctrines, would not dissent from this opinion. His importance as a critic was first made clear to me by the late Karl Mannheim who had known him well in Hungary, and who again did not agree with the Marxist basis of Lukács's criticism. What one was made to realise after the reading of a single essay by this critic (and to envy), was the formidable superiority of any polemicist who combines dogma with sensibility. It is the same kind of formidability that one finds in certain Catholic writers (such as Jacques Maritain), and it makes one realize, rather ruefully, that sensibility is not enough: our humanist or libertarian criticism must have an equally strong foundation in dogma.

Lukács was born in Budapest in 1885, the son of a wealthy bank director (and such an origin was bound always to inspire distrust among his more proletarian comrades). His intelligence was of a prodigious kind, and while still in his teens he won a literary prize with a two-volume study on *The Evolution of Modern Drama*, which I am told is still worth reading today. Other early works, which he later repudiated, include *The Theory of the Novel* and a volume of essays on such writers as Hoffmansthal, Stefan George and Rilke. I have not read any of these early works, and I must confess that I find Lukács's German very reverberative—the syntax of his thought is presumably Hungarian, and in transposition to another language every sentence becomes a tangled nest of subsidiary clauses. All the more credit, therefore, to Dr. Edith Bone, who in 1950 produced a very readable English version of *Studies in European Realism*.

But this is to anticipate. In 1918 Lukács was converted to Communism and was a member of Bela Kun's revolutionary government. After the fall of Bela Kun he went into exile and spent most of his time in Berlin. When the Nazis made that refuge too uncomfortable for him, he went to Moscow, where he spent twelve fruitful years. When Hungary was liberated by the Russian army at the end of the war, he immediately returned to Budapest, and has since that time been the intellectual leader of the Communist party in Hungary, exercising a supreme influence over the intellectual development of the country. He occupied the chair of aesthetics in the University of Budapest, and when the inner history of the recent revolt comes to be written it may well be found that Lukács, who had a great following among the students, was its main inspiration.

Lukács's first important publication after his conversion to Communism was *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein*—History and Class Consciousness—and this no doubt remains the most complete statement of his critical doctrines. I have not read it, but its purpose is described by Professor Roy Pascal (in his foreword to *Studies in European Realism*) as:

> to analyse the real constituents of the ideological world, that is, to show the process of literary and ideological production as part of the general social process; and thereby to point out the practical task of our own time, the rejection of an oppressive society and a culture grown sterile, and the building of a classless society and a new humanity in which the tensions between man and nature, art and science, subjective "freedom" and social necessity, theory and practice become fruitful relations, stimulating men to productive communal labour, and in which art and poetry focus and intensify men's powers and joy.

One recognises the jargon, and the "objective" has produced the dreariest mass of doctrinaire literature since the Age of Scholasticism. But Lukács is different. He is saved, not only by his innate sensibility, which leads him to respect those elements of form and style so often contemptuously dismissed by Marxist critics, but also by his passionate humanism, which leads him to concentrate on Balzac and Tolstoy and to present their essentially humanitarian ideals with sympathy. All this leads, as I said in a review of *Studies in European Realism*, to a certain amount of "doublethink"; but how refreshing, for example, to find a Marxian critic expatiating on "the extraordinary concreteness of poetic vision" in Tolstoy; or, more generally, seeing in romanticism, not one more form of bourgeois escapism, but "the expression of a deep and spontaneous revolt against rapidly developing capitalism."

Lukács's work on Balzac and Tolstoy is perhaps his most important contribution to literary criticism—certainly the most readable part of it—but there are other books of importance—*German Literature in the Age of Imperialism* (1946), *Goethe and his Time* (1947), *The Young Hegel* (1948), *The Destruction of Reason* (1955). Negotiations for English translations of some of these works had been resumed last year, but since the outbreak of the revolt no further communications have been received from Lukács.

What has now happened to Lukács? In recent years his position in Hungary has not been easy. He was associated with Nagy and a policy of "gradualism," and since 1949 has been subject to bitter attacks from the Stalinist wing. He was officially repudiated by Rudas, the head of the Communist Party's ideological training-school, and later by Martin Horvat, chief editor of the party newspaper *Szabad Nep*. Apparently the chief complaint against him was that he had more sympathy for western bourgeois literature than for eastern Socialist realism. From 1949 to 1953 he discreetly withdrew from all polemics, but he emerged again with the "thaw" and distinguished himself by anti-Stalinist activities. When the Russians overran Hungary a second time on November 4, Lukács took refuge, together with Nagy, in the Yugoslav embassy, but one day he left this shelter armed with a safe-conduct from the Kadar regime. He stated that he was going home to his flat, but he never arrived there and has never been heard of since. Shortly after this a number of prominent intellectuals were arrested in East Germany, the charge against them being that they had been in touch with Lukács.

So long as the Kadar regime refuses to divulge the fate of Nagy, it is hopeless to expect any news of Lukács. Let the politicians look after Nagy, but the fate of Lukács is the concern of every intellectual in the free world. However profoundly we may disagree with the Marxist philosophy on which Lukács's work is based, and however much Lukács may have compromised himself in the past by giving tacit support to the Stalinist terror, the fact remains that he is "the most important literary critic today" and a man who has risked (and perhaps already sacrificed) his life for intellectual freedom. Since the Spanish Disillusionment I have never been an advocate of protest meetings, and it serves no purpose to throw paper manifestoes at Russian tanks. But we must not for a moment forget Lukács, and our thoughts and our actions should be determined by his fate.

HERBERT READ

Restive Reservists

(By a Correspondent)

A FEW weeks ago (on Christmas Eve) they went home. The colonel told them they had been "a grand lot of chaps," the padre clasped each one by the hand insisting that it was a great thing to have a sense of duty well done, and the Naafi girls said more simply that they would miss them. In a universally engendered festal glow hatchets were buried and troubles packed up in the old kit-bag.

Two months earlier it had all been rather different. Each morning at breakfast elderly majors would scan every newspaper in turn to discover the latest military enormity, and as they came upon it—some exploit like a petition, a protest meeting or an absentee list—they would growl their disgust and observe that they had always thought that the unit concerned was "a damn bad regiment anyway": "Thank God," would be the universal undertone, "we don't have that sort of thing here." It would, moreover, be wrong to suggest that this was purely an Officers' Mess reaction; the shadow of Invergordon fell broad and far, and even in the most liberal places there was, whatever sympathy for the reservists' plight, no support at all for them in any action that they took. In fact, that ark of the democratic covenant, the *Daily Mirror* itself, pronounced in unexpected magisterial tones: "You must do your duty whatever your grievance. Government policy must not be dictated or thwarted by barrack-room lawyers. That is why no soldier who grumbles unnecessarily—and certainly no soldier who downs tools—will get any sympathy or support from the *Mirror*." And even now, as former reservists are being silently locked up in prisons for things they did on dark, cheerless nights, the public conscience is quiet.

Yet what was the reservist to do? His position under Queen's Regulations was perfectly plain. He could not write to the newspapers or to his M.P. without the authority of his commanding officer. And for the kind of thing that he wanted to say (and the old codgers to hear) that authority was unlikely to be forthcoming. Within the army itself, too, the writ of our old-time combination laws still runs; association is a very short step from mutiny, and the War Office's triumphantly discovered Communist in Aberdeen said a mouthful when he remarked: "No one likes being out on a limb like this by himself."

Probably in fact the only safe course for the reservist to take was the futile one of scribbling chalk slogans upon the walls and along the ground. That, as it happened, was the only outward and visible sign of discontent in one camp—which for security reasons had better be "somewhere in southern England." And here at least authority had the good sense to feel that it was not from a poor little seed like that that disaffection would grow and sedition would spread; for despite the increasing vehemence of the words which shouted from the walls, nothing whatever was done about them. All the same, it is a sad reflection on something or other that the only outlet allowed to a citizen-soldier in the modern army was to return to the age of hop-scotch.

Perhaps, though, the real trouble lies with the very concept of a citizen army. It is not only in Germany that it does not work: admirable though it may be in aspiration, in execution it is quite impossible. In peacetime the good democrat cannot be the sound soldier. To take one minor instance. For three precarious months I commanded a platoon of reservists; and when that delicate arrangement had endured for about six weeks one of the men in it—a man who before his recall had been chairman of a ward committee of his local Labour Party—approached me and told me that I was wanted in the barrack room. This, I thought, was it; and as a very junior subaltern I remembered all the senior officers in the newspapers who had vainly tried to placate angry men gathered round the doors of the Officers' Mess. There would, I decided, be no cockroaches in the cookhouse, and bull wasn't a senseless thing really when you looked at it properly. But it wasn't like that at all. "Sir," they said, "it's like this. Whenever we queue up for something—for pay or meals or at the stores—the N.C.O.s, Sir, they always go to the head of the queue. Well, Sir, that's not right; they should take their turn like everyone else." "Yes," I heard myself saying, "I think they should"—for I am a member of the Labour Party, too, and as much a citizen-soldier as anybody. But the point is that in a properly organised model army the rights of N.C.O.s to the perks of privilege would never be questioned.

For the central fact about the reservists—which I believe provided the backcloth to all the unhappy scenes of rolls being vainly called on quaysides, of "rioters" being peacefully arrested in bed, of guard-rooms being packed to suffocation with A.W.O.L.s—was that they *were* civilians and not really old regular soldiers at all. Over three-quarters of them (and every single one in my own platoon) were what is known in the army as "buckshee national servicemen"—that is, former reluctant call-up boys who fell for the bribe devised and offered by Mr. Head of almost double pay in return for an extra year's service. Some 95 per cent. of those who accepted it rushed delightedly away from the colours the moment their engagement ended. But part and parcel of that engagement was a liability to serve on the reserve (for a consideration of one and six a day) for four years, and that gave the army the right to take out an option on their services the moment an emergency occurred. The trouble, of course, is that it takes faith of bulldozer dimensions to believe that an emergency exists after you have spent twelve weeks marching up the hill and down again. That this was the reservists' real and genuine grievance is, I am sure, proved by the fact that the moment they sailed for Suez—on what many of them regarded from the start as a lunatic enterprise—there was not a murmur of complaint. If there is a lesson to be learnt by the War Office from the past five months it is probably that no politician (or certainly none of ours) can ever hope to persuade the British citizen-soldier that they also serve who only stand and wait. But then perhaps in future politicians who recall men for action will first make sure that they have a cause of action.

Concerto for Termites

SUDDENLY there I was riding round and round the identical marzipan houses of a building estate in Worthing on a borrowed bicycle. The wind was like new knives, in the distance the sea was huge cold tumbling chocolate. I couldn't remember the house of my friends, I didn't know their names, I could only remember Dolly. The house belonged to Dolly's brother-in-law, sister-in-law, kids, cats, dogs and plant. There was a vaguely remembered gasometer, the only dun mountain in the Plasticine plain, and I kept it before my eyes, West, South-West, North-West and freezing East. So on I went round and round in a sort of sterile utopian hell trying to remember what I had never known. The direction. I had started on a pre-lunch expedition to a pre-fab pub, nine degrees East-North-East of the gasometer, next to a tiny marzipan station leading to the Orient of Brighton. "Take the bicycle," they said. "Can you ride?" asked Dolly. "I have ridden through Spain, France and Italy," I cried. It is easy to find a pub. There are always thirsty men to direct you, past weather and love and catastrophe. I was there in a few minutes, enfolded in a neat, clean, oddly smart cabin like a fashionable doctor's consulting room. There were four men in there besides the barman. Everyone was talking about the only thing, the one thing, the thing that is the great modern termite, nibbling away at the flowers and poisoning the honey. Suez, Eden, canals, Gyppos, Butler, Wogs, Nasser, America, the U.N.

I listened, full of the great, dark, British communal anger. There it was. I had first heard of it in Spain, garbled over the crackling, emotional wireless, somersaulted in the Spanish press like a great sick acrobat, strange and violent as a mad dog. And I knew it had gone. The one thing had gone, the religion of the intimate world. Now, from now, came the huge radios and the long sterilised antennæ and the television cameras as big as cathedrals and the black plague of journalists.

"Eden was a good man," said the doctor. "A weak man," said the building contractor. "Have a drink," said the building estate secretary. "Thank you," I said. "He should have gone on with it. Right into Cairo and smash the bastard." "Uno," I said, "Butler. Bevan. Cyprus." There I was, talking like a bloody radio, like the leader of some boring supra-national newspaper. I wasn't *feeling* it, I was thinking of the labyrinthine heart of Fez, touching the first jewels of its encounter with fingertips in the buried night. Or a tart in Tangiers. Or getting drunk in Tetuan. There were Arabs for you. "The French," I said, at another pint. "Paris, *colons*, greed. People are people." Yes, the French *colons* were pretty vile, but one or two were noble, and for that matter everyone was slightly mad, and you couldn't be entirely just and be human. "The Gyppos are a slimy lot," said the secretary, "I was with the bunch in '48. Sold you packets of cigarettes fitted up with humph." Remembering lunch, I jumped on the bicycle, pedalled past the marzipan station and made for the gasometer, North-North-East. I turned left, I turned right, the houses wheeled around, stood at attention, saluted, presented arms, about-turned and marched back, neat, clean, identical with their tiny new tree and television mast. I felt like a mad commanding officer. Half an hour later I passed a newspaper shop. Written outside were the words "EASTBOURNE INQUIRY—LATEST MOVES. MACMILLAN SEES BUTLER. NEHRU SEES EISENHOWER." Well, this was the world, and no doubt about it. I got off the bicycle, South-East of the gasometer, and lit a cigarette. I felt foxed and frightened, and thought longingly of the hearts and homes I had crept into, of the happiness under the sun before the black minute when the gigantic politicians marched on to the chess board, on to the vast, segmented, electronic model of the building estate in which I was by now irretrievably lost.

Suddenly I remembered a crooked tree bent towards the house which was somewhere near the end of a road. But one couldn't ask anybody a question like that. I went on pedalling and

not only felt foxed, frightened, lonely, but empty. This was the emptiness of the map with arrows and flags, a dot, a reference point for policemen, conferences, testing grounds, spheres of influence, epidemics, plebiscites, a geometrical definition of Hell. Which, of course, is nothing. And this could go on and on. In each marzipan house, under each roof aerial, were men, women, children, dogs, cats and budgerigars, and perhaps one or two poets, saints, doctors and madmen. None of these people were worried by maps. None of them had ever bicycled round and round a graph. It was now four o'clock and the prefab pub was shut. There was nothing to do but go on bicycling and I was down by the chocolate sea and the shopwalker seagulls and the old odd men puffing down the front like ruined trains. The black minute was blacker than ever. The darkness in the Spanish noon had been the mere shadow of the under-secretary for under-secretarial affairs, for the monster reporter, for the great super map-man. I had no wife, no dog, no aerial, no roof, no suit, not even an *idea*. I had escaped, I had betrayed, I had lost. So tell us, Mr. Carson, what single belief do you hold at the present moment? I will tell you, Mr. Under-Secretary, I am committed over the chocolate sea, and to hell with your filthy map, and your politics, and your policemen. You are all hideously rich, anyway, and you just don't care. Care about what, Mr. Carson? Well, you talk about Burma and Indo-China and Egypt and islands and valleys and mountains and treaties and protocols but you don't care about how the dogs bark in Bangkok, or the lizards run in Kashmir, or the children of Timbuctoo sing in the morning. Thank you very much, Mr. Carson, very interesting. I will make a note of it.

It was opening time. I took a bead on the gasometer and arrived at the plastic potting-shed pub, leant my bicycle against a lamp-post, and entered. They were all there. The world was suddenly cosy. "Have a drink?" said the doctor. "Thanks," I said. "Now about Eden . . ." he began. Battle was in his eye. He would fight for Eden till his last Cæsarian. "Mind you, I see what he means," said the barman, nodding towards me. I had two or three pints and suddenly turned to the doctor and said, "I'm lost." "We're all bloody well lost," agreed the doctor. "No, I mean, I don't know where I am. I've got somebody's bicycle and I don't know where he lives. I'm supposed to be there." There was a hush. It was like taking off all your clothes in church. But worse. "How did you get the chap's bicycle?" asked the building contractor. "From his house," I said, "I was there but I've forgotten where it is. They're all alike." There was another hush. "Can you remember any clues?" asked the doctor suddenly. "A sort of crooked tree," I said. "A crooked tree," repeated the building estate secretary. "Anything else?" "The gasometer was on the left," I said, "I think." The three of them looked at each other, and one of them nodded. "Come on," he said, "I've got a car. We'll find it." We went out of the pub and got into the car. The bicycle went on the boot. Off we drove past the tiny marzipan station and on towards the gasometer.

"I'm sorry about all this," I said. "It's jolly good fun," said the doctor. "Things don't happen like this in Worthing," said the contractor. We drove on towards the conference area and began circling the robot roads. "To tell the truth," said the secretary, "I sometimes wish I couldn't find my bloody house."

ANTHONY CARSON

Fleet Street Notebook

WHATEVER else one may or may not think of Sir Anthony Eden, he certainly did well by the circulation managers of the national daily press during his last six months of folly and tragedy. There is nothing like a crisis to make newspapers sell. By and large, I calculate, he helped to put up the sales of national morning papers by something over 350,000 during the last six months of 1956. Or perhaps this is an exaggeration. The biggest increase of all during the period went to the *Daily Sketch*, which accounted for about 150,000 of the total. And although the *Sketch* was among Sir Anthony's most devoted—one might almost say hysterical—admirers in everything he did, not all the credit for its increase in circulation can go to him. It must be shared by Miss Diana Dors and other well-built young women and by the genius in the *Sketch* publicity office who has been buying new readers in an open-handed way by offering prizes of pubs to live in, racehorses to own and latterly the glittering dream of freedom from income tax for life and double whatever the prize winner's income might be.

But the *Sketch* apart, national crisis has undoubtedly gone a long way to subdue for the time being the crisis that seemed to be imminent at one time in the circulation departments of most Fleet Street newspapers. It enabled the whole national morning press with one exception (two if you count the *Daily Worker*, but its circulation trends lie outside normal newspaper calculations and its 10,000 fall must be put down to

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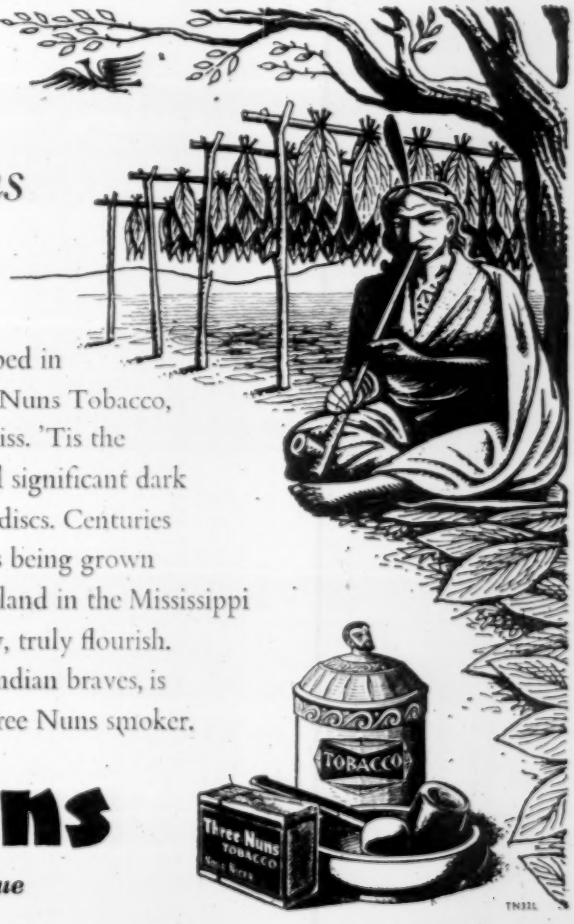

When your confirmed pipe-smoker is wrapped in lazy dreams and the drowsy comfort of Three Nuns Tobacco, he may not know the inner secret of his bliss. 'Tis the black heart of fine Perique in the small significant dark centres of those famous Three Nuns curly discs. Centuries ago, Perique (itself a rich and rare tobacco) was being grown by the Indians in a tiny, ten-mile plot of land in the Mississippi area. And only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish. And so the pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian braves, is translated today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

party splits over Hungary) to wind up the year with substantially more readers than when it began. The solitary exception to this general rule of progress was the *Daily Herald*, which came out of 1956 with getting on for 40,000 fewer readers than it went into it—a remarkable and depressing achievement when one looks at the general pattern.

Apart from the *Sketch*, whose total increase in circulation for the full year amounts (like it or not) to over 225,000, the two papers to benefit most were the *Mirror* and *Express*. After losing circulation at a significant rate during the first half of the year (the *Express* fell by 34,000, the *Mirror* by 44,000) both managed to harvest new readers at an almost equal rate (74,000 for the *Express*, 73,000 for the *Mirror*) during the months of crisis. They thus came out comfortably on the right side for the twelve months.

This must be especially pleasing to the *Mirror*, because at one period when it was particularly outspoken in its attacks on Eden it actually lost circulation. Very oddly, however, and quite contrary to the general trend, the *News Chronicle*, which one might have expected to benefit particularly in the last six months, since it has always devoted more space than most of its popular rivals to international affairs, not only temporarily offended some readers over Suez as did the *Mirror*, but actually wound up slightly down on the whole six months. However, compared with a year ago its position is bright as a result of its enterprise in buying up the name and goodwill of the *Manchester Daily Dispatch* when that newspaper was closed down by the Kemsley Press. At that time some 270,000 of the 465,000 *Dispatch* readers went over to the *News Chronicle*. It looks as though it has been able to hold on to at least 160,000 of them, a remarkable editorial achievement in all the circumstances and one that brings the *News Chronicle* gain over the twelve months within striking distance of that of the *Sketch*—and probably at less cost.

Most encouraging of all in the current pattern of newspaper circulations is the healthy increase in the readership of the serious newspapers—a trend reflected also in the remarkable progress of both the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. Relatively the *Manchester Guardian* has made the biggest advance—a pleasant indication that intelligence and courage sometimes bring their own reward. Its circulation increased by an average of over 14,600 during the last six months of the year—a rise of 9½ per cent. Its current circulation is just under 170,000. The *Telegraph* also put on sales with an increase of about 2½ per cent. and there are now 2 per cent. more readers of *The Times* than there were before Suez. However, this is not as much as Printing House Square would like; *The Times* is spending £150,000 on an advertising campaign to draw in more. That it should do so is a sign of the current anxiety in even the solidest newspaper offices despite the improvement brought by Suez. My tradition-loving soul is, however, shaken by the theme it has chosen. "Top People Take *The Times*" seems to me somewhat non-U. Surely *The Times*' readers do not now have to be assured that they are important people.

As is only proper with the general rise in values, monetary worth of readers is going up. Newspaper statisticians used to value readers at £1 a head. But the price paid to the *Mirror-Pictorial* Group for killing the *Glasgow Evening News* and thus throwing its 180,000 readers into the market for the other two Glasgow evenings, Outram's *Evening Times* and Beaverbrook's *Evening Citizen*, is reputed to have been £250,000 or nearly 28s. a head.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Pieces and Bits

At the Old Vic *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* surprises us all by providing a really delightful evening in the theatre—for the second time within two years. Perhaps after all it is not such a bad piece of playmaking as we used to think. For however ingenious a producer may be,—and Mr. Michael Langham is very ingenious on this occasion—bricks are not made without straw. No, provided we get hold of, or are given, the right end of the stick, it's a surprisingly good piece for a very young playwright hammering out a technique with little help from his predecessors. The right end of the stick in this case is the kind of irony with which we are to view the affectations of the courtiers. And Mr. Langham clears things up for us by getting his designer, Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch, to set the play after Waterloo. Post-Byronic—that is the clue to the extravagance of the courtiers and once we have that extravagance placed for us we know where we are.

Mr. Langham shows a delicate sense of style throughout. He is extremely inventive over the business—the shaving and the ball for instance; these give us our pointers, these and the off-beat treatment of the Duke (excellently managed by Derek Godfrey). It is a producer's evening in the best sense; and a designer's also in the best sense. The sets and the dresses are charming, but they are not, as so often nowadays, merely superfluous decorations. They make the producer's point—that is their first object. The company play up prettily.

At the Arts there is a not very new play by M. Salacrou, *No Laughing Matter*, which has lately been enjoying a long revival in Paris. It is a highly ingenious piece of construction, wittily contrived, with a superb second act. But the trouble is that we rather see that this is so—perceiving how it would go in its own French—than enjoy it as such ourselves. It simply doesn't translate into any terms that correspond to English life on any level. There are a pair of friends, one married, one not. The unmarried one, Jean-Louis, takes a married woman, Hélène, as his mistress; and even while the married one, Gérard, is congratulating them and rejoicing that Hélène has had the sense to leave that boring old husband of hers, his own wife, dear little, silly little childish Addy, is leaving *him* for a lover. The husband deserted takes a very different view of wives who leave their husbands, and Jean-Louis, perceiving the fickleness of women in the example of his best friend's wife begins to reconsider his own position. The fun is in the ingenuity with which the author sandwiches the situations making each of them a savage commentary on the professions of the participants.

What is impossible is to make these goings-on ring true for us dear stuffy old British. Mr. Peter Wyngarde, as Gérard, makes a very good attempt to suggest a sort of cross-bred between the nations. But Mr. Paul Daneman, undisguised, looks irreparably like a Head Prefect of Repton after two terms at Keble, and Miss Brenda Bruce remains irredeemably the most mischievous girl in a county family. Mr. Alec McCowen is extraordinarily funny as her improbable lover, for he is plainly the most "pi" member of the Y.M.C.A. It is a brilliant performance, but it throws everything further out.

At the New Lindsey, Mr. John Ormerod tries, in *The Chicken Play*, that most difficult of all the forms, allegory. Only the most detailed realism (as in *The Castle*) can make this form work nowadays. We really cannot swallow a life-size chicken as the hero's *alter ego*. The pity is that the author has a real talent for dialogue, comic and savage; when he learns to fly a little lower, he will, I prophesy, have a future. An excellent cast, including Mary Hinton, Richard Goolden, Robert Hardy and Robert Cartland do all that can be done, and designer and producer Jennifer Simpson and Roy M. Walker work wonders in traversing the whole globe on the tiny stage.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Mastersingers of Nuremberg

At least it *was* Nuremberg, and not some Bayreuthian limbo. Wagner's sublime comedy is so firmly anchored in time and place that to play tricks with its presentation can only diminish its power. At Covent Garden, a mainly traditional production by Erich Witte is matched by serviceable rather than beautiful sets from Wahkevitch in what might be called the "three-quarter-timbered" style. The church is good, the street scene flimsy; the final tableaux deploys a splendid riot of clean colours against an undistinguished background of city walls and towers.

Musically, this was a spirited, uneven performance full of possibilities for the future, rather than an assured achievement. Perhaps in the circumstances it is unreasonable to expect more. Mr. Kubelik is a gifted and immensely energetic musician; but the mere circumstances of his career and nationality can hardly have brought him into continual and close theatrical contact with this intensely German masterpiece; however well he may know the huge work from the score, it cannot have been his daily bread. His reading has many merits; what it mainly lacks at present is just that touch of loving familiarity—the ease and breadth and golden serenity of mood which should underlie every passing brilliance; in short, unity of tone. All this may come; even on the first night, the later acts showed a vast improvement on Act I. The street riot preserved an unusual clarity, and both poetry and humanity were to be found in the first part of Act 3, especially in the successive scenes between Sachs and Walther, and Sachs and Beckmesser. The latter episode owed much of its effectiveness to Geraint Evans's immensely accomplished portrait of Beckmesser, one of the best things this sterling artist has yet done. He sang the music beautifully, with razor-sharp enunciation and a notable precision of rhythm; moreover, though gifted with unusually mobile and expressive features, he scrupulously refrained from clowning.

James Pease gave us a more youthful Hans Sachs than we usually see, which is all to the good, but also endowed him with a certain elegance of manner and gesture which is foreign to the character; his singing was admirably true and sweet-toned, and of ample resonance except in the Cobbler's Song. Erich Witte deserves our gratitude for having taken over the role of Walther at short notice from Richard Lewis for whom, in any case, it would have been too heavy and for having relearnt it in English; he makes a frank and debonair knight, but his actual tone was scarcely a cause for gratitude. Joan Sutherland has not yet got beyond the stage of singing Eva's music with a somewhat angular purity; dramatic warmth and variety of inflection have still to come. Marjorie Thomas, on the other hand, was a vivaciously human Magdalene, indeed hardly the person to whom Pogner would have readily entrusted his keys. The statuesque Peter Pears made out of David something interesting but decidedly different from the jolly little pedant of Wagner's fancy. Frederick Dalberg lacked the one thing, solidity of voice, without which Pogner cannot begin to take shape; and the lesser masters, led by Forbes Robinson as a curiously affected Kothner, never

seemed a coherent or realistic group of city tradesmen. A glaringly false note was struck by the "maidens from Fürth" of the festival scene —a troupe of nine identically clad ballerinas who hardly condescended to dance *with* the (non-ballet) apprentices, and remained for the rest of the opera in a state of conspicuous but strangely mute agitation as they watched the course of the song-contest: the prettiest of eyesores, visitors from another and more fashionable planet.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Into Action

THE paintings submitted from all over the world to compete for the 1956 Guggenheim prize were on view until last week at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris. They made one more conscious than ever since the war of the extent to which a new international style in painting has been created. At least half the exhibits were abstractions or near-abstractions, and of these the majority were of the type in which formal pictorial values played a minor part and the emphasis is on the free and spontaneous handling of paint. Ever since the war the majority of painters, and particularly those working in Europe and North America, have become aware of the fact that they had no valid iconography to turn to. Many of them came to feel that all that was left to them was the physical act of painting itself.

This led to a type of painting which in France has been labelled "*tachisme*," and in America "action painting." The terms "*tachisme*" and "action painting" are not quite interchangeable. "*Tachisme*" suggests a new technique in which the fortuitous accidents in the course of painting are organised into something that relates to our traditional conception of art. "Action painting," on the other hand, is a completely new kind of painting. Mr. Harold Rosenberg, an American poet who coined the term "action painting," has written that to the post-war American painters the canvas appeared as,

> an arena in which to act, rather than a space in which to reproduce, redesign, analyse or "express" an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.

The task of the critic called upon to evaluate an "event" rather than a picture is a difficult one, and many critics, understandably enough, have tended to dismiss the whole movement as a decadent aberration of no particular aesthetic interest. Nevertheless, London is now given the opportunity of trying to assess the values of this kind of painting.

In the exhibition at Tooth's, aptly entitled *The Exploration of Paint*, five painters of various nationalities are shown, all of whom have in common an obvious enjoyment of the physical properties of paint. The eldest of these is Jean Dubuffet, whose pictures resemble the drawings scratched on weather-beaten walls. His work shows an obvious debt to the surrealism of Ernst and to Klee, but his paintings are less literary and less sophisticated. Dubuffet is not, as the preface to the catalogue points out, an "action painter." But his work has affinities with action painting in that his primitive figures are brought to life by the scarred and blistered surfaces which seem to be the result of a direct physical struggle with the canvas. The two Americans, Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins are confirmed action painters, while Riopelle, although his work appears formal and almost conventional by comparison, could be placed in this category too. Mr. Francis, who has a colour sense that is almost oriental in its delicacy and simplicity, works with large translucent dabs of paint that seem to float up and down his canvases in gentle rhythms. Mr. Jenkins's work is less contemplative and he uses wet splashy effects which he controls in an imaginative and intellectual way. His paintings look like highly coloured constellations seen through a powerful astronomical telescope, and have a cosmic quality that sometimes recalls Ernst. Both painters have a strongly developed compositional sense. The first products of action painting sought to dispense as much as possible with ordinary pictorial considerations, and could thus be judged only by their validity as "acts", that is to say by their sincerity, dramatic quality and so on. But the fact that ordinary terms of criticism can be applied to the work of these young painters shows that action painting is coming to terms with the more generally accepted ideas about what painting is. Other examples of this kind of painting can be found in the exhibition *Statements* at the I.C.A. I must hold over a discussion of this until next week.

JOHN GOLDING

Test Pilot

EALING is now in U.S.A., but its new film, Balcon-produced and Crichton-directed, seems quite in the old form and style. The only American in the cast is buying aircraft, which seems credible enough; moreover, he's well-disposed; and goes on buying after having to bale out. He suffers from the predicament that a board at home really wants him to do something else; but this is usual with the travelling executive.

And he is deeply impressed with the English test pilot: no wonder, it's Mr. Jack Hawkins. Who else should stand for England? He took over, some little while back, from Sir Ralph Richardson (then Mr.); and personally I welcomed the change from huffiness to business; wool—as one might say—to steel.

From the Latin word 'februs' (meaning 'I purify through sacrifice') comes the name of the present month. We confess to finding this a trifle obscure. The Saxons, we think, had the better idea when they named the second month 'Sol Monath'—month of the returning sun.

It all depends on your point of view. If you enjoy skating, this month may see you grinding your skates and hoping for a long, sharp frost. If, on the other hand, such skating as you do is usually performed involuntarily, the pastime will seem to have nothing in its favour and prolonged and heavy rain will be your only wish. Fortunately for both of you, the month offers other attractions, notable among them being the fearful joys of St. Valentine's Day. Of these, however, we can only speak from hearsay: nobody ever sends Valentines to a bank. And we must also record (though with some faint regret) that, innumerable and varied though our services are, there is nowhere among them anything which will help you to compose (or deal with) these tokens of regard.

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His new role of assurance is that of test pilot (*The Man in the Sky*, Empire), worried after twenty years of it, with a firm that will pack up if it can't sell its freighter plane, and a wife and two kids in minor suburbia a bit below them. If only they could afford that four thousand for the step up! But they can't; and off they go, pa, ma, and kids in the open car, down the curving road of detached houses in small gardens, under the railway bridge to the new Launderette, where the basket has to be dumped, and so on to the airfield. They, and their landscape, have been very nicely placed: we may have noticed the name of the script writer—William Rose, the American who lightly revealed us to ourselves in *Genevieve*.

Then the worry really goes up in the air and grows tense. There they are at 3,000 feet, fully freighted, with half a dozen aboard—including the American buyer—when the port engine catches fire. All except the pilot bale out; he elects—against orders and all the odds—to try to bring her in; puts out the fire in a dive, and damages the ailerons. Of course, he could just ditch the old cow, having baled out himself, but he sees just a chance, and if the plane goes then the firm will go too, and goodbye to the new house and everything. So he beetles round; they're all on the field, firemen, ambulance, everything, waiting for twenty minutes to five. And he has time to worry and to make some horrifying last minute adjustments: for example, closing the door at the back of the plane, while "George," the automatic control, takes over. All this is good old Ealing. And, of course, he just makes it. The family drama rounds it off: the wife (Elizabeth Sellars) and the wide-awake kids, have a kick or two left—not to mention Jack Hawkins, who has done his usual good job. I've no doubt *The Man in the Sky* will be generally enjoyed, and deserves to be. It is good to see that Ealing still stands. The tragedy is that Ealing did, once or twice—in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *Genevieve*—splendidly let itself go, and that possibly has gone.

What did Mr. Gladstone eat in 1884?

WHAT Mr. Gladstone ate in 1884 was what he said in 1883. A Politician is always eating last year's words—and last year's words are as unpalatable as the day-before-yesterday's bread.

The moral is this: don't put up with staleness in words or bread. Eat your bread good and fresh. How good is bread? Very good, say the scientists. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy we—and our children—burn up in an average day.[1] It provides us with proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, in a Special Report,[1] refer to "the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". Meaning bread, of course. And a panel of scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

Bread is still the staff of life—see that your family eats plenty every day.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour: Iron—not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin B_1—not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid—not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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More outlying interests may take the filmgoer to the Boltons, where Nudism makes a first modest appearance, or to Mornington Crescent, where—Stalin or no Stalin—Communism still rears an undaunted head. I would recommend *Garden of Eden* (Paris-Pullman) to any sophisticated audience, which would find its naive and discreet evangelism blissful, and would, I am sure, happily join in the nudist lyric "Let's go sunnin'." It is the happy obverse of *Ten Nights in a Barroom*. A few carefully chosen fronts, or part fronts, are introduced; and should this film make the circuits, its mild revelation of the female breast (white) will cause a riot.

The German Story (Unity Theatre) won't do that. It is the East German story, and gives a simplified version of fifty years in which Germany has started two wars: owing chiefly to Krupps. The Russians flit in at the end, doves of peace.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Old Whips' Network

SHOULD each party political broadcast on television be followed immediately by an independent argument, not controlled by the party responsible for the broadcast, but giving the first reactions to it of three quick-witted commentators of various points of view?

This was Granada's bright idea. It was, however, considered a shade too bright, and when Mr. Macmillan made his first formal TV appearance as Prime Minister, on January 17, he spoke for the Conservative Party, as arranged, at 7.5 p.m., and the ITV discussion of his broadcast was held back until 10 o'clock.

On this occasion the discussion was networked. Tonight (Friday) it is probable that only north country viewers who can get the commercial channel will be able to see and hear the discussion that is to follow the Liberal Party broadcast—and tonight the discussion *will* take place immediately after the broadcast, the Liberals having intimated that they have no objection to this course because they believe in free speech.

There is, perhaps, an element of humbug in this claim, for the Liberal Party officially supported the notorious fourteen-day rule until it was evident that liberal public opinion was strongly against it. Naturally, and not discreditably, considerations of party advantage have governed the action of the Liberal Party, as of other parties, in this as in other matters. The Liberal Party's main strategy, and only hope, is to get itself talked about. By agreeing to the discussion immediately after the broadcast, it is getting itself talked about on television for a solid half-hour, at a time of the evening when the viewing audience is likely to be larger than it would be three hours later.

In the case of the major parties other considerations may outweigh this one. Their objection to the immediate discussion is not that it is a kind of *lèse majesté*, like juxtaposing Mr. J. Fred Muggs and the Coronation: they might feel that it infringes the spirit of the agreement on party political broadcasts, renewed annually between the BBC, the ITA, and the parties. The parties, having been allocated agreed times to do what they like with, may feel entitled to protective neutral, or non-political, periods after these times. Whether such a discussion as Granada's is lively or dull, it may well blur the impact on the viewers of the preceding broadcast, or even kill it altogether. Moreover—particularly on specific issues, such as Suez—the discussion might turn out to be heavily loaded against the party broadcast, whether Labour or Conservative, and the whole purpose of such a broadcast—which is, frankly and openly, propagandist—would be frustrated.

Newspaper reports that the discussion was delayed as a result of pressure by the parties are, however, not quite correct. I gather that the Conservative Chief Whip did at once get in touch with the Labour Chief Whip, but that any action that they might have taken was forestalled by the Independent Television Authority itself. Granada or its commentators may feel that the ITA was (as one of those concerned quaintly put it) "leaning over backwards to suck up to the Whips" or (as another said) that the ITA "raped easy." The fact remains that Mr. Heath's and Mr. Bowden's possible apprehensions were present, as by telepathy, in the minds of Sir Robert Fraser and his colleagues, and restraining action had been initiated, before the Whips and the ITA chiefs had discussed the matter at all. For the reasons I have given, this may have been right—though the parties might yet deem the discussion worth putting up with if it enlarged the (smallish) viewing audience for the broadcast.

The composition of the panel of commentators may also cause concern. Three is probably the right number if only fifteen minutes can be spared for the discussion; but, as things are, it is almost impossible to devise a panel of three persons, competent to take part in such discussion, against which one or other of the major parties might not have a legitimate grievance. The panel actually selected by Granada (in consultation with the ITA) consists of Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. John Connell, and Mr. Francis Williams. Its emphasis is thus strongly to the Right. Mr. Churchill seems to have been selected before Mr. Macmillan's accession to the premiership because it was expected that Mr. Butler would succeed Sir Anthony Eden and it was thought that Mr. Churchill, as an anti-Butler man, would "balance" Mr. Connell and Mr. Williams. (They should have consulted Mr. Churchill!) In the event, the panel was two to one in favour of Mr. Macmillan and the Conservative Government.

If this experiment—which has its value—is to continue, it would surely be better to vary the composition and the balance of the panel each time, occasionally also including a Liberal, a Marxist, or someone else from outside the two main streams of current politics.

The agreement between the parties and the TV authorities will shortly come up for renewal. Some of the ITV people hope that the parties will agree to a proposal that there should be different party political broadcasts on each channel. The attitude of the parties is not yet known; but I imagine that they might hesitate to double the work involved in preparing these broadcasts. If, as is also suggested, the party broadcasts on ITV were to consist of, say, press conferences at which lobby correspondents quizzed party leaders, the head offices might feel that too many viewers would be diverted from the more official offering on the BBC channel. For the same reason, the BBC may oppose the suggestion: each authority, after all, is not thinking only of the parties and their welfare; it is thinking which channel the viewers are going to be on when the party broadcast is over.

TOM DRIBERG

"At the Drop of a Hat", at the Fortune

Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, two young songwriters, are offering, in effect, a drawing-room entertainment. They have simply curtained-off most of the stage at the little Fortune Theatre, leaving an alcove by the footlights just large enough to hold a piano and Flanders's wheelchair. They are nicely contrasted personalities, Flanders genial and bearded, Swann hesitant and bespectacled, and a large part of the show's charm lies in the unusually warm and spontaneous relationship they establish with their audience. It quite makes up for the fact that neither of them can actually sing. Since there is no change of scene or cast, much evidently depends on the material. Most of it is very good. They don't rely on private jokes about the entertainment industry, but turn instead a bright, observant eye on such commoner follies as Hi-Fi, "contemporary" furnishing and the clichés of the popular song. There are, perhaps, too many of the animal songs that veer uncomfortably between Jules Renard and A. A. Milne. But the semi-serious songs, usually so embarrassing in revue, are delightful and, incidentally, will surely be approved by all new moralists.

J. P. H.

Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—During the past several weeks a kind of debate-by-letter about the Hungarian crisis has been in progress in your Correspondence columns. Of particular interest to us have been the letters of J. Mendelson, "L.H.", Basil Davidson and K. J. Thimbleby, in as much as each of these correspondents has made reference to Radio Free Europe in connection with recent Hungarian events.

Mr. Mendelson said, in his letter of December 1, 1956: "At the same time, Radio Free Europe actively intervened. It sent a team of broadcasters to Gyor, one of the provincial towns held by the revolutionaries, and issued continuous appeals to fight from its main radio station in Munich. It broadcast, according to reliable German sources, many promises of military help from the West. . . ."

"L.H." on December 8, 1956: "It is, however, an entirely false interpretation to maintain that this radio service (RFE) exercised an influence of any consequence on Hungarian public opinion. Moreover, it is not true that they sent a 'team of broadcasters' to Hungary. They did, in fact, send their reporters, as it was their job to do so."

Mr. Davidson, on December 8, 1956: "The team of broadcasters sent by Radio Free Europe, *an odious organisation* [my italics], to the western town of Gyor played no part in events: the Russians sensibly impounded them."

Mr. Mendelson (Dec. 15): "Mrs. Anna Kethly, as reported in the *New York Times* of November 30, said: 'Radio Free Europe has gravely sinned by making the Hungarian people believe western military aid was coming when no such aid was planned'."

Mr. Thimbleby, on Dec. 20, 1956: "Few NEW STATESMAN readers doubt that this organisation (RFE) is guilty of encouraging enslaved people to rise when, in fact, the West has no intention of aiding them militarily."

Mr. Mendelson, again, on January 5, 1957: "The prevalent feeling (in the 'right wing' of the Hungarian Revolution) may be summed up by the statement made by an Hungarian insurgent to an American correspondent at the time: 'We do not want any more of your damn encouragement and incitement. What we want and need are guns.'"

Such were the comments of your correspondents. What are the facts?

As "L.H." says, the statement that RFE sent "a team of broadcasters" to Hungary is utterly false. RFE's correspondents, however, had fully as much right to be at Gyor as did Mr. Basil Davidson, who represented the *Daily Herald*, or any of the other correspondents and reporters who covered the Hungarian rising.

When Mr. Davidson approvingly says, "the Russians sensibly impounded" RFE correspondents, he fails to mention that they also impounded Mr. Basil Davidson. Are we to conclude from this, following his own logic, that the Russians were equally "sensible" in impounding him—and that the *Daily Herald* is therefore an "odious" newspaper?

Parenthetically, Mr. Davidson is no doubt unaware that RFE played a part in initiating diplomatic intervention to rescue him from his plight. British Embassy officials in Vienna told us that the first indication they had of his whereabouts was supplied by an RFE correspondent.

Completely unfounded as well are the charges of Mr. Mendelson and Mr. Thimbleby that RFE is guilty of "encouraging enslaved people to revolt" and of "broadcasting many promises of military help from the West." Mr. Mendelson does not identify his "reliable German sources" for this statement, but an eminently reliable German source, Mr. von Brentano, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Federal Republic, said on November 30: "I do not believe that Radio Free Europe . . . interfered . . . more than does any other radio station. I know of radio stations which operate here, I know of radio stations which operate in Russia, which interfere in other things, . . ."

Promises of military aid and incitement to revolt were never broadcast by Radio Free Europe. Proof of this is constituted by a master tape which continuously records the entire broadcast output of all RFE transmitters. Into this tape is fed continuously an official time signal which makes it impossible to alter it in even the slightest particular.

This is RFE's proof—concrete, tangible, irrefutable. What proof have Messrs. Mendelson, Davidson and Thimbleby? Did they actually hear the broadcasts about which they talk so confidently? Do they understand Hungarian? If not, their opinions about RFE broadcasts are based on simple hearsay and can have no standing whatever as evidence. Mr. Mendelson quotes a bitter comment about RFE made by an unidentified Hungarian insurgent to an unidentified American correspondent. Aside from the obvious fact that this is, once again, hearsay quoted as fact, there are on public record—and available to Mr. Mendelson—many statements by Hungarian insurgents which evince exactly the opposite opinions of RFE's broadcasts. Here are samples:

Docent Istvan Jankowich, a committee member of the Budapest University Revolutionary Council who took an active part in the resistance, said on November 9: "To say that Radio Free Europe was the instigator of the Hungarian Revolution . . . is an insult to the Hungarian people."

The following paragraphs from the *New York Times* of November 30 concern "three leaders of the Hungarian Revolution who had accused RFE of having given them false hope. 'When questioned . . . the freedom fighters admitted there had been other radio stations which they had listened to, *and that they could not be sure* (my italics) that the sentiments they had just attributed to Radio Free Europe had in fact been made by Radio Free Europe'."

Janos Kadar, the present Moscow puppet in Budapest and an Hungarian who certainly should know whereof he speaks, completely invalidated the Mendelson-Davidson-Thimbleby thesis when he said, on November 11: "We must all agree that the real reason for the people's movement which started on October 23rd must be sought in the serious faults and crimes [of] the Rakosi clique. . . ."

No valid judgment about Mrs. Kethly's opinion of RFE can be drawn from the single statement quoted by Mr. Mendelson, especially in view of the circumstances under which that statement was made. On the day following the conference noted by Mr. Mendelson, Mrs. Kethly participated in another press conference at Copenhagen. At this conference she was quoted as saying: "*I could not have any personal knowledge of this radio station*, as I was at that time, and 4½ years afterwards, in prison, with no communication with the outside world, not even my own family. . . ." (My italics.)

The Danish newspaper *Berlinske Tidende* published an article the following day which quoted Mrs. Kethly as follows: "I did not attack Radio Free Europe, *but have repeated some pieces of information which I got after my release*." (My italics.)

The German daily *Die Zeit* for December 6 reported an interview of one of its editors with Mrs. Kethly as follows: ". . . I asked her: 'Should Radio Free Europe stop broadcasting?' Adjuringly, she said: '*No, it is the last link between the free world and Hungary; it should not be interrupted by any means* . . .'." (My italics.)

In an interview with Mrs. Kethly published on January 15 in the *Washington Post*, the following conversation is reported:

"Were the Hungarians incited by American talk of liberation or by western radio stations?"

"'No,' says Mrs. Kethly."

Later in the same interview Mrs. Kethly was quoted as saying: ". . . there was a broadcast from a station which could not be identified, perhaps from a station using RFE wavelengths, which appealed to Hungarians to give power to Cardinal Mindszenty." No such broadcast was ever made by RFE.

Thus, in sifting the charges of your correspondents, of Mrs. Kethly as quoted by them, and the results of hundreds of escapee interviews, one finds a pattern which has become quite familiar to us: Always, in answer to the direct question, "Did you hear these broadcasts yourself?" the answer is "No, but someone told me that he heard them. . . ." Similarly, when Mr. Mendelson and Mr. Davidson flatly assert that RFE sent a team of broadcasters into Hungary, that RFE intervened in the Hungarian Revolution, broadcast promises of military aid and incited the people to revolt, they give no proof that their allegations are true. We in turn assert that they do not *because they cannot*—and that, in contrast, the master tape containing all RFE broadcasts is a solid fact which is not affected by personal opinion, hearsay and garbled rumour.

DAVID F. GROZIER,
Press Representative
Radio Free Europe,
Munich.

OPEN COURT

SIR,—Although I have not the relevant Act before me as I write, I believe Mr. Rolph is not quite correct in stating that Northern Ireland magistrates always examine indictable offences in camera unless the accused objects. My recollection is that an order to forbid publication has to be applied for before the 1953 Act may be invoked. This, however, is not quite the same as sitting "in camera," since the press and public may remain and publication is permitted after a certain date, dependant on the decision taken by the magistrates.

There are, I believe, powers in Northern Ireland under an Act of 1851 to apply for the exclusion of all except those directly concerned in the case; the provisions of the 1953 Act were, I gather, passed to try to find a compromise, in view of the unwillingness of magistrates, except in rare cases, to invoke the powers of the 1851 Act.

The question clearly needs very careful consideration and I would strongly oppose any change in the present procedure unless careful investigation gave good grounds for belief that the advantages would outweigh the disadvantages. Would the same adherence to procedural safeguards remain if there were no contemporary reporting? Would there be as effective a check on unreasonable remands? Can any satisfactory method be worked out to deal with the reporting of the case where the magistrates decide that no case has been made out and discharge the

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

defendant? Must he wait weeks before it can be demonstrated how his name has been cleared? Presumably, publication could not take place until the Attorney General had decided not to issue a bill of indictment?

All the evidence of private and semi-private procedures goes to suggest that standards tend to fall when the public is kept uninformed and the press, with all its faults, is still the greatest informant of the public. Strong evidence would have to be produced before the field in which the press functions were reduced.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN,
General Secretary.

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

BUREAUCRATS OF KING STREET

SIR,—The minority report of the Communist Party's Commission was signed by Malcolm MacEwen, Christopher Hill and myself.

Your correspondent says, "The minority report, in fact, will not even be presented to the party congress as an official congress document." This suggests that the executive committee is in some way withholding the report. The minority report is published in the same document as the majority report, is equally available to all members and branches of the party. Branches are all at liberty to move the minority report as an amendment at Congress. Is this not the correct democratic procedure?

Your readers who have not seen the original documents will get the impression that they give grounds for your correspondent's conclusion—that the Communist Party should wind up.

Yet here is a party that is making public a most critical examination of itself. This is a significant advance on the past. Further, the minority report, which starts to outline a new course for Communism in Britain crystallises much of the rethinking that is taking place throughout the Party, and the defeatist estimate of the possibilities of change in the British Communist Party ignores the fact that what is important is not size but potentiality.

The advice to wind up the party will, of course, not be taken. If Socialism is to be built in Britain the Labour movement needs a political party or parties that fulfil certain requirements.

First, the party must have an agreed scientific outlook and method to enable it to estimate situations and put forward policies to secure stage by stage advance to Socialist power and achievement. The alternative is war between internecine sects.

Second, the party must recognise the determining character of the class struggle and the responsibility of the working class to lead the Socialist movement and to secure the alliance of progressive people.

Third, the party must be thoroughly democratic and self-disciplined. The test of democracy lies in the conviction of the members that they bear the ultimate responsibility for making policy and carrying it out.

Fourth, the party must be a valid expression of the distinctive character of the British Labour movement, it must put its trust in the people and observe the utmost good faith in building fraternal relations with other sections of the movement.

These principles apply to both Labour and Communist parties and as they gain ground in the movement will help us to get the unity we need for achieving Socialism in Britain. The Labour Party, because of its structure and history, is under certain disadvantages and it is the Communists today who are really getting to grips with this internal problem. It seems to me that this is very much to our credit and augurs well for the future.

Arbury Road Estate, PETER CADOGAN
Cambridge.

THE ARTIST'S BUSINESS

SIR,—The proposition put forward by Mr. Worsley in "Minority Culture" seems arguable, at least.

"His (the artist's) business is, crudely, to articulate on behalf of the inarticulate, to express for those unable to express themselves what they want to hear expressed."

Having made this astonishing statement Mr. Worsley at once, and understandably, ducks for cover, by going on: "I grant this description raises just as many problems as any other." It does, indeed, and they are not going to be solved by the kind of muddled thinking which supposes pop music and the twelve-tone scale to be ultimates in musical technique.

The business of writing what people want, or are supposed to want—for it can only be supposition—has led to sterility and vapidity in Communist art. But then Mr. Worsley will say this is not what he means. Well, what does he mean? What exactly is this convivial state he sees for the theatre, with everyone in love with everyone else, and heartily agreeing with everything which is said? It sounds a damned dull party to me. Yet that must be it, I think, for Mr. Worsley's last lines on the failure in communication in Beckett's *All That Fall* sound very much like the plaintive cry of the man who wasn't asked to the party. Not from any ill-feeling, let me add. Just by oversight.

Follow Mr. Worsley's argument to its logical conclusion and you will be able to dispense with his column in future. In its place let us have a statistical rating. The plan for this is well drawn up as an advertisement by the Granada TV Network on page 95 of the same issue. *Startime* (or its stage equivalent) rates 75 per cent. So three out of four people —a majority audience—will enjoy that. And understand it. The figures say so.

As for the nineteenth-century romantic conception of the artist, I am surprised that anyone is still taken in by it. The picture was certainly highly coloured, as it was invented by the few for majority consumption. Mr. Worsley must not let himself be confused by what was always a private joke. Writing is one of the most boring jobs in the world, and it is sometimes amusing to dress up, play the fool and pretend you are somebody. Even if, like Mr. Colin Wilson, you only pretend to be yourself.

I have never held the opinion, as Mr. Worsley seems to imply, that the writer is a superior being. Briefly, my contention is this. The writer's job is to make the statement. Therefore, he must dictate the premise. If he does not do so then his audience will lead, and the writer will be forced to follow. Together, they will go from bad to worse, ending up in that hell of accepted opinions which is reserved for those who sell out politically, socially or intellectually. My argument was developed from the dangers of applying the methods of present-day public entertainment to that silly old nineteenth-century thing, art. Numbers should not come into it.

If they do, well, Mr. Worsley writes for what is, with all respect, Sir, a minority audience. The number of people who read his weekly column is about the same, I should say, as the sum total which sees each of my plays. I am not complaining. Why should he?

Duddleswell House, JOHN WHITING
Near Uckfield.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S GHOST

SIR,—I am not so demented as to enter into a musical controversy with Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, but his interesting article on the ghostly music heard at Trianon may leave the impression that Miss Jourdain's claim has been substantially supported. His whole case rests on the assumption that the lady was gifted with absolute pitch, and of that there is no evidence. Nor is there any evidence of the date when the twelve bars she committed to paper were first written down. They first appear when shown to an unnamed expert in 1907, five years after they were heard; the expert then pointed out that the bars were "hardly related," a fact which had not dawned on either lady, though both were musical! By the time the incident got into print, fragments of the twelve bars had been identified in certain obscure, though not unpublished, operas. Two bars were in Sacchini, in Philidor they found "repetition of single notes, the first bar of the melody and other hints of likeness," in one of Monsigny's works "the last three bars of the music," and in another "the figure of the first of the twelve bars."

Now, if this is evidence at all it is important evidence, because documentary. Yet not a note of this music, either the ghostly twelve bars or of the similar passages in the eighteenth-century composers, has ever been made available to the public. This does not make sense. No rational person would be interested in an alleged case of miraculous healing at a religious shrine on a mere assertion by anyone, whatever her reputation, if the name and whereabouts of the patient, the nature of the disease, and the medical certificates were being *wantonly* withheld.

60 Beaufort Mansions, LETITIA FAIRFIELD
S.W.3.

SOUTH AFRICA DEFENCE FUND

SIR,—We, as sponsors, commend the fund established by Christian Action in connection with the recent arrests in South Africa of 156 of the leading opponents of *apartheid* on charges of subversive activities against the state. The purposes of the fund are (a) to provide for legal defence of the accused; (b) to aid their families and dependants; and (c) to help ensure that the conscience of the world is alive to the issues at stake.

Already there has been an encouraging response to the appeal for £10,000. More money is needed urgently. The majority of the victims are Africans who have little or no money for defence costs and whose families suffer dire hardships.

The fund has the full support of the Movement for Colonial Freedom and other interested bodies. Please send your gift to the Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.

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universities and left review

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Prisons and Prisoners

What in sound practical terms can be done to improve our present inefficient, expensive and out-of-date prison system? In this authoritative review of the treatment and after-care of prisoners, C. H. Rolph states his conclusions after a long and careful inquiry, conducted here and abroad with the full co-operation of the prison authorities and of the Howard League. As a former chief inspector of police and a present member of the executive committee of the Howard League, he writes from a background of experience on both sides of the modern controversy. His recommendations are not theoretical or sentimental; they are put forward for immediate consideration by Mr. R. A. Butler.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,

Your new appointment brings you an opportunity that must be rare in the history of your office. It will not much longer suit the social conscience to shrug off the state of the prisons, even the existence of prisons, as "the black flower of civilised society." Although men have been locking each other up for thousands of years, there is no record that they have ever begun to question so earnestly as they do today the ethics of imprisonment. The problem is in fact less daunting than the one that confronted the 19th-century Quaker reformists, the problem of first educating a vengeful and self-righteous mob, brought up on the pillory, the stocks and the gallows as the only officially-sponsored forms of public relaxation. Your predecessor has doused the last glimmer of entertainment by providing in his Homicide Bill that announcements about executions are no longer to be exhibited on prison gates. What next? You will soon find, I think, that people are waiting for you.

Literacy and the Prison Population.—There are four main reasons for this state of public readiness. First, the huge spread of literacy, and the fact that, out of all the discharged prisoners who want to publish books and articles about their experiences, a growing number are succeeding. Secondly that, as all good publishers could tell you, there is an increasing public for well-written accounts of prison life. Thirdly, that more and more people who can write are going to prison, so that the useful role of *rapporteur*, for so many years filled by the suffragette and the conscientious objector, is now being taken over by unexpectedly culpable citizens of all classes. Fourthly, it has been the enlightened policy of your recent predecessors to throw open the prisons to inquiring visitors of many kinds: sociologists, research workers, journalists, radio reporters, film companies, social science and other students—the last-named actually living and working in prisons and Borstals for months at a time. Above all, there has for half a century been a steady stream of blue-books reflecting a spirit of inquiry, of growing frankness and pertinacity; and of all these, the reports of the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates and the increasingly outspoken annual reports of the Prison Commissioners are the most significant.

A Largely Negative Regime.—It is many years since our treatment of prisoners was entirely punitive, and few people now criticise a therapeutic regime on the ground that it "regards crime as an illness" and criminals as sick persons for whom we must harbour nothing but sympathy and concern. Before going on to the criticisms that seem to me valid ones, it will be necessary here to acknowledge specifically the progress that has so far been made by the Prison Commission, under physical and financial restraints that might well have inhibited every possible impulse to experiment and improve. We have got rid of solitary confinement as a prescribed beginning to every sentence; we have prison earnings schemes, educational classes and postal courses, and prison visitors. We have arrived at a system of segregating prisoners—and, accordingly, prisons—that can at least form the basis of a plan (to which I shall return) for placing human relations in the forefront of penal policy. We now have local prisons, regional prisons, central prisons, "corrective training" prisons, open prisons and "preventive detention" prisons, all serving, or all, at least, designed to serve, distinct purposes; and you will bear with me, I hope, while I briefly describe them.

Local Prisons.—There are two groups of these. One group takes direct committals from the courts, and the other takes the present overflow of short-sentence prisoners for whom the other prisons are unable to find accommodation (even at the rate of three men to a cell). In considering the more specialised prisons described below, I have kept in mind the fact that the "local prisons," through the draining off of the numerous special categories to other prisons, have become "the sump of the prison system" and no doubt its most intractable problem.

Regional Prisons are of three kinds. First, Regional Training Prisons, selecting their inmates on length of sentence, record, character and aptitude for training in some trade or skill. All "Star" prisoners (e.g., over 21 and not previously imprisoned) with sentences over 12 months and up to three years, go to a training prison, and so do some "ordinaries" (i.e., those left over from all the classifications under special groupings) if they are considered trainable. Secondly, Young Prisoners' Centres, for those under 21 with sentences of three months or more (though exception has to be made for the rare case of an older youth with a very long sentence). And thirdly, Allocation Centres, for the purposes of special observation, classification and reports to the magistrates on specifically referred cases.

Central Prisons are for long-sentence men—three years and over, or, in the case of "ordinaries," five years and over. Such men go to a central prison, in the normal course, before they have served two years (unless they are "Stars," in which event they go at once). And it is, of course, wrong to assume, because the word "training" is not used to describe such a prison, that the regime includes no training or rehabilitation. The difficulty here, one appreciates, is that a long sentence both lessens the incentive and weakens the purpose of industrial training.

Corrective Training Prisons.—"Corrective training" was a phrase introduced by the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, in setting up a new system of "training for a substantial period . . . with a view to the offender's reformation and the prevention of crime"; and it is reserved for the offender over 18 years of age (with an upward limit set only by his aptitude for training) on his third or subsequent conviction for crime. Corrective Training Prisons are either separate prisons or wings of a prison set aside for the purpose. The system had a bad beginning, because although the buildings were not ready for it, the higher courts began at once to sentence people to it in large numbers; and despite much ingenious improvisation by the prison authorities, there was for a year or two little or nothing to distinguish it from the routine of ordinary imprisonment. A more rational sentencing policy, combined with a classification system carried out at a separate centre by a specialised staff, has in the last two or three years produced more encouraging results.

Open Prisons, which may be central, regional or local, and selection for which is in the hands of governors of local prisons, offer the greatest scope for rehabilitation and the least for criticism: it is here that the immediate future of reform lies.

Preventive Detention Prisons are for the persistent offender over 30 years of age, and a P.D. sentence is for not less than five and not more than fourteen years. (The legislators' decision that the minimum was to be five years seems to be regarded, by a reversal of constitutional theory, as having been overruled by the Lord Chief Justice in 1950, when he laid down in *R. v. Sedgwick* that "seven years should normally be the irreducible minimum, and the sentence should generally be eight years or even longer." The sentence is, however, to be passed (*R. v. Askew, 1949*) "only where prolonged detention is necessary for the protection of the public, and is to be regarded as an exceptional sentence, not merely as an alternative to imprisonment.") The sentence is served in three stages: the first in a regional prison or a local prison, under special rules, the second in a central prison, and the third—which is reached only by special selection at the hands of a P.D. advisory board—in "such conditions of modified security as are available." In this third stage some of the men are now working for private employers, outside the prisons, to which they return only to sleep in hostels that bear no resemblance to a prison; and I am anxious to admit that it is in this respect, perhaps above all others, that British penal methods are at least as advanced as any in the world. Preventive detention, in spite of its negative aim, is paradoxically distinguished by many positive methods—a reasonably long working day, a good deal of "association," and the chance of completing the long sentence in conditions of semi-liberty.

The various groupings of prisoners have three main functions, though their boundaries overlap and their outlines often merge. First, there is a separation of the sexes, of young prisoners from adults, of untried prisoners from convicted prisoners, of "civil" prisoners (debtors, etc.) from criminal. Then, among the criminal prisoners, there is a separation of the "better" from the "worse" to prevent contamination, the selection of those who can be trained and those for whom training will not serve any purpose, and the division of all prisoners into classes: Young Prisoners (under 21), Star Class prisoners, i.e., over twenty-ones who have not previously been in prison on conviction (or, exceptionally, who have been in prison but are thought unlikely to have any bad effect on others), and the "Ordinaries," which includes all the rest.

These groupings, empirical as they are, make little impression on an increasingly inquisitive public because the public has not learned to relate them to the published results. Prisoners are still classified by the public (and this may have to be borne in mind when murderers are released from prison in an abolitionist state) according to the social heinousness of their offences. And yet there is a growing demand for the reduction of prison sentences and the humanising of conditions while a sentence is being served. The section of public opinion from whom this demand comes—or could confidently be expected to come once the chance of its realisation appeared—has to contend with another and much louder clamour: the call for prison sentences on drunken drivers, on tax evaders, on prostitutes, and on the particular social hates of a variety of societies and movements for the suppression of this and that. These proposals for an increase in the prison popula-

tion come at a time when we still have 2,000 men sleeping three in a cell.

One of the most astonishing facts about this prison system of ours, Mr. Home Secretary, is that your Department should know so little about its effectiveness. (I am back, now, on the common ground that it should prevent crime and reform criminals.) I study the reports of many privately sponsored criminological research projects. They produce, on very little money, sectional pictures of this ageless problem, which no man has ever yet seen whole. I admire and respect their integrity and their cleverness, but they are merely nibbling at the problem. Your department not only publishes an annual volume of Criminal Statistics: it makes additionally available to anyone, for the mere asking, extensive schedules of supplementary or "break-down" figures that almost no-one has time to study. In the result, how much do we know?

Who Are the Prisoners?

We know that about 20 per cent. of all "first offenders" (which means first time caught) return to prison, but that a *much higher proportion* than 20 per cent. of those who go back at all go back again and again. The actual proportion is not known, and it seems likely that, on the present statistical basis, it will never be known. One thing we do know is that in 1953 (a quite typical year) 46 per cent. of the total male "receptions under sentence" had been to prison at least once previously. But the situation is much worse than these figures suggest, for continual recidivism means longer sentences, and this causes reception figures to understate its gravity. Nor does it follow, of course, that those who have not returned to prison have not committed further offences: they may have been put on probation, conditionally or absolutely discharged, fined, let off altogether by victims who should have prosecuted them, or (again) never even been caught. The number not caught can never be more than a wild surmise, but there is incitement to wildness in the frequent cases in which a convicted offender asks the court to "take into consideration" 50 or 100 or more offences in sentencing him (these appear in the Criminal Statistics as crimes "otherwise cleared up"). We simply do not know, and no research will ever tell us, how many first offenders might, whether or not they had gone to prison or even been caught, have committeed that one offence only throughout their lives. We do not know (because we do not adequately inquire) how many of them cannot at the moment respond to any kind of treatment. We know that there is in prison, at this moment, a group of people who will become recidivist *because they are there*. But, again, we do not know how many there are. Perhaps the most depressing thing we know is that, for the under-twenty-ones, imprisonment is quantitatively about as effective as Borstal treatment in "reforming" offenders, or at least keeping them out of the courts. But even this conclusion is based on a "follow-up" of only three years. More would be "too expensive."

Therefore, Mr. Home Secretary, I take leave to reproduce here an extract from Section 77 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948:

> (3) There shall be paid out of moneys provided by Parliament—
>
> (f) towards the expenditure of any body of persons approved by the Secretary of State in the conduct of research into the causes of delinquency and the treatment of offenders, and matters connected therewith such sums as the Secretary of State may with approval of the Treasury direct, and subject to such conditions as he may with the like approval determine.

Would it be fair to say that this kind of financial provision is too readily relied upon as passing the buck to the Treasury? The buck resides at that address already: it is for other departments to get it into movement, bearing in mind that a provision like Section 77(3)(f) is an expression of the will of parliament, upon which many high hopes were founded. In nine years, the grants thus made have totalled less than £100,000.

Apart from the overcrowding and its adverse effect on physical conditions, the public has lately been made more and more aware of the structural defects of all our "maximum security" prisons: these are so notorious—the primitive sanitation, the out-of-date workshop equipment, the cold or stuffy cells and workshops, the wretched lighting—that I shall not weary you with them here. Even the odd parsimony that refuses pyjamas or nightshirts to men prisoners in cells, and requires them to sleep in their underclothing—even that may be partly excused by the undoubted truth that many prisoners would not wear them. (I know that in Borstals, where pyjamas are supplied, many boys have to be ordered to wear them.) Instead I shall offer certain proposals in two main groups, together with the observations upon them of informed persons whom I have interviewed. These suggestions fall naturally into two groups, one that would cost money and another that would cost little or none.

Out of roughly 32,000 people sent to prison in 1953, 22,000 had sentences of six months or less. This is another way of saying that only a third of all the prisoners received could be given any effective training in the time available; and the great majority of prisoners earn the full remission (one-third of the sentence) that is available to all those serving one month or more. There is little point in urging constructive or educative employment for people detained only a few weeks, but there is much to be said for a thorough re-examination of a penal system that cripples itself with such a dead weight of short sentences. It is gratifying to know, Mr. Home Secretary, that your Advisory Committee on the Treatment of Offenders is at present seeking alternatives to this desperate expedient, and that organisations like the Magistrates' Association and the Howard League for Penal Reform are supplying it with suggestions. These include many that are not within the administrative jurisdiction of a Home Secretary—a freer use of probation, power to impose a fine at the same time as probation, power to attach the wages of defaulting husbands and putative fathers instead of sending them to prison for non-maintenance. But you can do much to facilitate the necessary changes in the law: a new Criminal Justice Act embodying these principles could go far to empty the prisons that the Act of 1948 has encouraged the judges to fill.

Long Sentences and Preventive Detention

I believe that this final negative sanction of the criminal law is not in fact being kept as a last resort. A study of the cases since 1948, when the path to a "P.D." sentence was made perilously easier for the man with three convictions to his name, suggests that the three convictions are too often being regarded as the only evidence needed that the offender is "incorrigible" (a proposition that I, myself, would never accept in the absence of organic mental defect). The Court of Criminal Appeal has lately reduced a number of long P.D. sentences to sentences of 18 or 12 months' ordinary imprisonment, on the ground that the appellant still showed some promise of eventual reform or that the P.D. sentence was *out of proportion to the offence*. (The latter reason was given in the case of *Reg.* v. *Jenner* (*The Times*, May 15, 1956), in which a man with 16 convictions for petty larceny since 1942 got seven years' P.D. for stealing a pair of shoes which he sold for 7s. 6d.) By the end of 1954, 1,375 men were serving long P.D. sentences under the 1948 Act, Parkhurst Prison was full of them, and they had overflowed to Nottingham Prison (which was fortuitously able to take them because the judges had stopped sending all and sundry to "corrective training," until then Nottingham's special concern), to Northallerton, and to Chelmsford. If the judges go on using preventive detention at their present rate, say the Prison Commissioners in their 1954 report to you, an additional central prison similar to these *will be needed annually for years to come*. At present three new prisons are being built, the first to be ready in 1958. And in terms of "daily average population," or, to put it another way, in terms of cell-space occupied, prisoners sentenced to 18 months and over constitute 60 per cent. of the total, and their number has increased *five times* since 1938.

Surprisingly little attention is given to the great and largely unnecessary strain put upon the prison administration by the excessive use of "remand in custody." Of all receptions of men into prison during 1953, over 25,000 were of men *not under sentence*. All these go to the crowded local prisons, where, although they always include a proportion of innocent men, it is quite impossible to accord to them the preferential treatment enjoined by the Prison Act, except the single requirement that they be "protected from contamination." This protection means that they are kept in solitary confinement—and a remand can sometimes last as long as five months.

Paying due regard to the fact that the majority of remand prisoners are old lags well known in the prisons (though this does not mean that they are guilty of the offence now charged against them), is it satisfactory that the only work available for them, which they are neither required nor encouraged to do, is the patching of mailbags (at 6d. a day); that they are precluded from any kind of free association; that they can never go to an educational class or a cinema show; and that they can never even have the doubtful privilege, actually welcome to some, of sleeping three in a cell?

I should like to give you an account of a talk I had recently with a man who spent some months in Brixton Prison on remand two years ago. Although I already had reason to believe that he would give a trustworthy report of the conditions there, I have carefully checked his statements in the hope of excluding the smallest error. I will call him Gray. He had much to say about refusal of bail; and although the merits of his case from that point of view are not within the scope of this letter, it is clear that bail is being too often refused, with a constant strain on remand prison accommodation. This, I venture to remind you, is at least within the scope of your advisory relationship to the magistrates. (You will remember that in 1953, the number of people sent to remand prisons but not sent back there after trial was no less than 9,433.)

I asked Mr. Gray how he went to Brixton. "In the Black Maria," he said. "A barbarous thing. The inside is dimly lit by concealed 'armoured' lights, and a narrow catwalk separates two sets of 'strong boxes,' each of which contains a human being. For a large or tall man those boxes are purgatory. A ledge is provided to sit on, but for most men there isn't enough room either to sit or to stand. Light and ventilation are poor. The prisoner cannot see out, or even get to his pockets properly."

"How long are you likely to be in it?"

"If it's calling at a number of prisons, perhaps

a couple of hours. It sways around London on the way to Brixton, via Pentonville, Wormwood Scrubs, Wandsworth and so on. By the time you get to Brixton you hardly care what else they can do to you. *And all this happens to many and many an innocent man.*"

That seems to me the point, Mr. Home Secretary. Do we need this stupid anachronism any longer? You could so easily do something about this—the Black Marias are bought by police authorities and charged to the police exchequer grant. The Prison Commissioners frequently take parties of 30 or 40 prisoners across London, or on cross-country routes, in transit between prisons, *by motor coach*. What is wrong with a motor coach, if you like with opaque windows to protect the prisoners from public curiosity, to convey remanded cases from courts to prisons?

"As a prisoner," said Mr. Gray, "one is infinitely worse off before conviction. True, there are visits; but these are limited to 15 minutes and then take place in one row of partitioned cubicles. The prisoner and his visitors sit on a tiny wooden plank. They are separated by a glass panel, and conversation is possible only by talking into a narrow mesh grille at the side of the glass. You'd have to experience the strain to believe it.

"It's also true that, on remand, you can buy food and some alcoholic drink." (I find that this is a pint of beer or a third of a bottle of wine a day.) "But that's if you can afford them out of your private means. If not, you go without.

"The worst feature of remand prison life is that you are locked in solitary confinement for 23 hours out of every 24, often for months." This, admittedly, is true only of Brixton, where, by some odd but aged tradition, the remand prisoners never choose to work (why, no one seems to know) and are therefore not given the chance. If they began wanting work it would have to be found for them.

Out of the other hour comes the "exercise period," a snail's-pace walk in single file on a concrete path round a patch of earth outside the cell block.

There are, Mr. Home Secretary, in addition to these remediable shortcomings of remand imprisonment, a number of procedural consequences that are sufficiently disquieting to warrant your setting up a committee of inquiry into the manifold respects in which English remand procedure falls short of the standards agreed to by the United Nations.

There is still room for improvement, especially at what might be called "mail-bag level," on the lines recommended in 1933 by your Departmental Committee on the Employment of Prisoners (the Salmon Committee), and in 1952 by the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates. To quote from the Seventh Report of the latter Committee (p. xvii):

> The potentialities of prison labour are not being realised to the full. Because orders are insufficient . . . it is impossible to provide enough continuous employment and, both as regards productivity and as regards the moral effect on prisoners, the hours worked are short and irregular. [They amount, in fact, to about 18 a week.] Moreover a considerable proportion of the work done is routine work of a monotonous nature, which is no doubt the only kind of work which *a certain small percentage of prisoners* [italics mine] are capable of doing, but which is, in fact, being done by large numbers of prisoners who are capable of more responsible and intelligent work.

On my own visits to local prisons I have seen well-known persons of intelligence and refinement doing menial work of a nature that must be presumed to have as its object to keep them physically occupied and in motion for an hour or two a day; but it is plain that we are behaving with great psychological cruelty. Such work is in this respect no advance whatever on the treadmill, shot drill, crank, capstan or stone-breaking to which every so-called "hard labour" prisoner over 16 was formerly kept for his first three months, and sometimes for a whole sentence.

Almost every public pronouncement, official or critical, about the difficulties of organising prison labour contains some reference to the unhelpful attitude of the trade unions. Their attitude is so important that I have made some special inquiries about it. The usual allegations are that the trade unions object to the use of prison labour at "sweated" rates of pay in protected trades—printing, building and decorating, shoemending, tailoring, furniture-making, road work and agriculture—and that they also impede the re-employment of ex-prisoners after discharge.

I find that there is no TUC "policy" on this. There is, instead, an elusive aftermath of the anti-trade union feeling that was active in the eighteen-seventies, when the Home Office took over the prisons from the private owners who, in many instances, had been running them at a profit. Until then, the prisons had often competed with one another in finding markets for their produce, and as Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise wrote in his book on *The English Prison System* (1921, p. 134).

> At Wakefield an extensive mat trade was carried on in which the sales averaged £40,000 a year. Steam power was employed. A commercial traveller was appointed to sell the goods, and the whole of the industrial department of the prison was under the control of a trade manager, who . . . [could] recommend the grant of additional bread as a reward for marked industry. . . . Cases have even been known [added Sir Evelyn, with apparent earnestness] of mutton chops being allowed at Christmas time to exceptionally industrious men.

The Governor of Hereford Prison received ten per cent. on the net profit arising from the sale of goods made in his prison. It was then, no doubt, that a trade union "attitude" to prison labour came into being, and it will die hard, though the reason for it has long disappeared. I discussed its survival with Mr. Victor Feather, assistant secretary of the TUC.

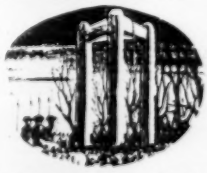
"You'd never hear about a trade union attitude to prison labour and ex-prisoners," he told me, "if people like you didn't keep the myth alive by talking about it. The TUC strikes no attitude about ex-prisoners. Why, quite a number of trade union secretaries have been in prison themselves, as conscientious objectors of agitators of one kind and another. A man who goes to prison doesn't lose his union membership, nor even his union 'benefit.'"

I asked him about those prisoners at Maidstone, Wakefield, and other prisons, who complete a special Ministry of Labour course in decorating, bricklaying, plumbing, and so on. "They get a certificate of proficiency," I said, "but that won't get them a job outside without apprenticeship."

"Not by itself, it won't," said Mr. Feather. "Why should it? Why should a criminal be treated better than a man who commits no crime and who probably needs the job just as much? You see, people are going on what they read about the unions of fifty years ago. I've never heard of a case in which an ex-prisoner was penalised by a trade union because he was an ex-prisoner. No, there isn't a problem here: but the way the penal reformers keep on talking about it *makes* a problem of it, makes it an issue that can work against the ex-prisoner's interest."

I knew of a case, I told him, in which a whole shop refused to work with a man who was discovered to be a discharged prisoner.

"Maybe," said Mr. Feather. "I don't know. But if they did, they were just a group of men,



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not a trade union. You might as well find out what else they belonged to, then call them a football supporters' club, and then blame football supporters for being unfair to ex-prisoners."

Discharged prisoners are the special concern of about 38 local aid societies and of a Central After-Care Association, and the man who co-ordinates all these is the Rev. Martin W. Pinker. He finds that there are occasional difficulties with the unions, but always at "local level." "You can't blame the TUC," he told me, "or the headquarters of the various unions, and in any case it's very hard to give individual instances. I remember one trade union official who got interested in prison visiting work, and he would sometimes sign on a serving prisoner—a non-union man without a trade—as a member of his own union, so that he could get him transferred to the appropriate branch when he left prison and found a job. But that was seldom necessary, and it didn't always work—some local union secretary would say, 'How can this chap's application form say he's been working at union rates? He's been in prison.'"

Mr. Pinker favours an American plan. "In America," he said, "some prisons have industrial committees, with a trade union official serving as a member. He's a kind of liaison with the labour market, and he also keeps an eye on industrial conditions in the prison, so that he can sometimes say: 'We shall never get jobs for these men if we train them on obsolete machinery like this.' He's a real live contact with the industrial world outside."

As for the work done inside the prisons, Mr. Pinker believes that we have not yet fully investigated the scope of government contracts, and that much more office furniture for civil service use could be made in the prisons. In this he is vigorously supported by the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates, which studied the prisons in 1952.

Two "Difficult" Unions

It has been my own experience, in the course of many years of contact with people trying to help discharged prisoners, that the two trade unions generally held to be the least helpful are the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation and the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives. It is very difficult to find out why. I know of no instance, myself, in which an ex-prisoner has suffered injustice at their hands and it has seemed to me that their attitude to the work going on in the training prisons is sometimes actively helpful. I have found it very hard to discover instances to support the complaints that must constantly reach your ears, Mr. Home Secretary, about trade union "difficulty," and you may be interested to learn what I was told by these two unions.

Mr. John Fletcher, General Secretary of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, said that the work done in the printing shops at Maidstone and Leyhill Prisons is almost confined to the printing of forms used in the prison service itself—of which there are hundreds of different kinds. This means that the work is small and simple, and the training for a printer's job outside, therefore, negligible. "But," said Mr. Fletcher, "we understand that in forty years only one prisoner, *not already a printer*, who went through either of those prison shops, wanted to do printing on discharge."

"In other words, the problem doesn't exist?"

"Not in this trade. And the fact that the civilian instructors in the prison workshops are all members of their trade unions, keeping up their subscriptions, ought to show that the unions haven't the slightest objection to the training of prisoners to do the work they're actually engaged on. There have, moreover, been cases in which printing unions have themselves kept up a member's union payments while he was serving a prison sentence, so that he should not lose membership and benefits, and they have also helped men to rehabilitate themselves on discharge."

Sir Richard Coppock, Chairman of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, who offered somewhat similar conclusions to Mr. Fletcher's, had arrived at them by a different route.

"I've watched this problem, such as it is, for 50 years," he said. "My unions have managed to work out a policy with the Home Office in the case of approved school boys and Borstal boys—because they're youngsters they don't expect it to be understood that they've learned all about bricklaying and plastering and so on. The prisons are a different problem altogether, but it's a problem with two clear divisions to it: first, the use of prison labour at cut rates of pay to do union work, and secondly, this question of admitting half-trained men to union membership just because they've learned something in prison from a Ministry of Labour prison training syllabus. Well, I can dispose of the first quite easily. The chaps in my unions don't *want* to work in prisons. What they would say in a time of slump and unemployment I can't predict, but with things as they are they're quite content that prison building and maintenance work should be done by the people who have to be inside there anyway. They hate the places. When they did work in there they wanted a day off, with pay, whenever there was an execution. It's the same with mental homes like Broadmoor, where the inmates can't be used for maintenance work and men from my unions have to go in and work. They hate it.

"I remember a few rows," went on Sir Richard, "when the prisoners came outside to build houses for the prison officers, but they were smoothed out. It's very difficult for the Prison Commissioners—we all want them to do something to improve the men they have to lock up, and yet I've had to go and see every Home Secretary since Joynson Hicks to try to persuade them that there are other trades besides bricklaying for a prisoner to learn. They've all said the same—'You can't teach these men watchmaking, or bakery, or cabinet making, or electrical engineering, because there's neither the time for the training nor the desire to learn.' So a majority of them have to be trained for the building trades; and I won't deny that I sometimes get a letter from a branch saying that a man has come out of prison and been admitted to a union, and how much longer is this kind of thing to go on? Why do the building trades have to take the lot?" (They don't, of course, but that kind of attitude still survives.)

I asked him what could be done.

"There are three things to do. First, stop accusing the unions of being constantly opposed to the discharged prisoner. The majority of the members are not opposed to discharged prisoners any more than to Jews or Welshmen or flat-earthers; and to keep on saying they are instils the idea in heads where it didn't exist and nourishes it in those where it did. Secondly—and this is no contradiction—quiet word-of-mouth propaganda among the members, to the end that we all ought to help with the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners, and accordingly relax the conditions of admission in suitable cases, although, mark you, that's a thing that arises very rarely indeed. Thirdly, and this is the most important, let the Welfare Officer at the prison attend to the whole business of getting the man admitted to a union *before he comes out*, so that the work he's doing in his prison training course can be looked at by union men to see whether he is efficient, and if he is the opening can be ready for him on the day. He ought to be a member of the union before he goes to the Labour Exchange for a job."

"Mind you," concluded Sir Richard, "a lot of these chaps take the training course because it's better than mailbags and rug-making. They don't want to go into the building trade any more than you do, and they only come to us for the first out-of-prison job as a stepping-stone to something they do want."

Rather similar views were expressed by Mr. David Packham, of the National Union of Public Employees. "My Union comprises people in Local Government and Regional Hospital Board service," he said, "and river and catchment authorities. They're mostly people on low wages—over £8 a week is quite a good job—and they're not particularly conscious trade unionists, not like the men in the craft unions. The objections to prison labour come mainly from the builders, the electricians, the engineers, and so on. But nevertheless, the official policy of our union is opposed to the use of prison labour on roads, and river dredging, and land drainage.

"Why do they object?" I said.

"It's never been absolutely clear to me," said Mr. Packham. "It's a legacy from before my time. But I think it's the fear that it may undermine the men's bargaining position for wage increases. If they represent to their employing authorities that labour is short and that their wages should be better, the authorities can say 'There isn't any shortage: we can call upon two or three hundred men from nearby prisons.'"

"But do they realise what a drop in the ocean this prison labour force is? It's infinitesimal, and the whole purpose of an all-out prisons employment scheme is that it shall get less and less," I said.

"I'm sure that's not realised, no. That's a propaganda job. That's up to you."

"Unless," I said, "we pay all such prisoners the 'rate for the job.' But what about the discharged prisoner? Is your union suspicious of him, too?"

"No difficulty there whatever. He can come into the union if he wants to, and welcome. That just isn't a problem at all."

Prison Earnings

In short, I gather that the trade union "obstacle" can be surmounted; and thus will disappear what has become little more than a convenient excuse for postponing any real plan for full-scale prison employment schemes at "the rate for the job." Indeed, whatever the trade union attitude, the whole of Wormwood Scrubs was built by prisoners—as indeed were Dover Prison (to hold the prisoners who were later to construct Dover Harbour), Lowdham Grange Borstal, the Wakefield Training School for prison officers, and numerous workshops, gymnasia, chapels, and officers' quarters.

Before one derides the English prison earnings system, with its almost unattainable maximum of five shillings a week for the hardest-working prisoner, one must acknowledge that in those foreign countries where "the rate for the job" is earned at prison labour, the men who earn it have to pay for their keep, buy their own stationery and stamps, pay the costs of their trial, help to keep their dependants, compensate their victims, and put money by for their own support on discharge. They also pay for dental and optical treatment, and they are not discharged into anything comparable with our Welfare State.

But allowing for all this, have we not been too

ready to throw away this recipe for human dignity and the rebuilding of self-esteem? If it seems inane to pay wages in a small community like a prison, only to take them back at once and at close quarters in return for commodities and services, isn't this merely because any such economic microcosm, being so easily comprehensible, therefore seems infantile and make-believe? Far too much ingenuity has been expended, in this country, on discovering reasons for doing nothing constructive about "intra-mural" prison earnings; and everyone knows that if it had been necessary during the war to establish a sound scheme of this kind, it could have been done in immediate response to one of Sir Winston's terse minutes—and would still be working.

We can do it smoothly enough in our programme of "pre-release work for private employers," and in using prison labour "in conjunction with private enterprise." What we are doing is described in a Report (1955.IV.7) of the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs entitled *Prison Labour*, and since it compares so favourably with what other member States are described in the same report as doing, I venture to use two quotations here by way of exemplifying that I am not writing this letter unaware of this country's position among the progressives:

> (1) Except in Northern Ireland, prison labour may be used in private enterprise both within and without institutional confines. All schemes for employing prisoners privately on an extra-mural basis must be arranged through and approved by the Ministry of Labour and National Service. The Ministry is responsible for seeing that such programmes do not conflict with the interests of free labour, and for obtaining agreement with the trade unions concerned. The main conditions are that (a) the employment of prisoners will not replace other labour; (b) the payment by the employer to the prison authorities of the current wage rate payable to other labour for similar work, plus a surcharge of 4 per cent. representing approximately the employer's contribution towards National Insurance; and (c) the supplying by the contractor of tools, machinery and raw materials. . . . Prisoners volunteer for private extra-mural work, and are employed for the most part in agriculture, but they are also used in quarrying and in unskilled work for contractors engaged in housing and utility enterprises. (*Prison Labour*, p. 19.)

To this account may be added the fact that recent arrangements for assembly and packing work in the prisons on behalf of outside contractors have included the specific requirements that "work on any contract must cease at any time when there is a strike or dispute in the factory where the goods are normally manufactured."

> (2) Inmates of Parkhurst Prison who have been admitted to the third stage of their sentences (i.e., sentences of preventive detention lasting from five to 14 years) become eligible for pre-release work. To date, pre-release prisoners have been employed as labourers in building trades or for local authorities on public utilities, although the scheme is not restricted to particular kinds of work. Prisoners engaged in the programme reside in a hostel specially built on the grounds of Bristol Prison and work unattended among free workers. From their wages—identical with those of the civilian workers—is deducted a fixed sum for board and lodging; the prisoners are allowed expenses for travelling and meals, and are required to make provision for dependants previously receiving National Assistance. Remaining sums are retained as compulsory savings against release. (*Prison Labour*, p. 25.)

It is appreciated that the prospect of intra-mural prison work at "the rate for the job" is clouded by the chronic shortage of prison staff, since fuller employment of prisoners demands longer hours out of cells and extra supervision. But as I began by saying, thousands of persons now in prison should not be there at all, and the search for means to occupy them is of secondary urgency to that for the means of keeping such people out of prison altogether.

Whether or not the courts continue to pass long sentences at the present rate, forthcoming changes in the law of homicide are sure to result in an accretion of long-term inmates to the prisons. It is now so commonly implied that we in this country, alone among the more advanced nations, do not know what to do with our long-term prisoners that I have been at some pains to compare our progress with that made, for example, in Sweden and the U.S.A. For this purpose, it was a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Hugh Kenyon, the governor of Birmingham Prison, has so very recently (with a Nuffield Grant and the permission of the Prison Commissioners) spent nine months studying the Scandinavian prisons in order that informed comparisons might be available to your own department. I went to see him at Birmingham Prison and had a long discussion about his visit.

"In Sweden," he told me, "a new Prisons Act in 1945 laid the foundation for a penal system that might well have been a model for the world. Its keynote was that the treatment of prisoners was to be individualised, so that whenever the danger of recidivism was thought to exist it was to take on the aspect of social case-work. Penal institutions were therefore reduced in size to permit of closer human relationships, and a new form of 'preventive detention' was introduced for what we call the psychopathic offender."

I suggested that preventive detention, as we know it in England, was hardly the treatment for psychopaths.

"The Swedish sentence is something quite different," said Mr. Kenyon. "It's a form of detention, of indeterminate length, for 'any person who at the time of the crime is found to have deviated, and still deviates, from the normal, but who is not considered to be insane.' Swedish lawyers regard our McNaughten Rules as a 'fiction'; no attempt is made in Sweden to find out whether the offender 'knows right from wrong.' A person who has 'deviated' is defined by the new Act as 'mentally abnormal,' and he can be sent to 'an institution of security' or to 'internment.'"

"Always to a 'maximum security' prison?"

"Yes, initially, but there is provision for treating such offenders in 'open' conditions. In practice they spend at least three months in a closed prison, which gives time for further study of the offender—I mean in addition to the 'pre-sentence investigation.' That might last as long as six months—it's the work of a special clinic, which has the full police documents, including drawings and photographs of the scene of the crime, case-workers' reports, school reports, contacts with employers and relatives, etc. The courts always follow the recommendations of the clinics. The investigation sometimes brings out points that establish the innocence—or the guilt—of the prisoner. Psychopaths seem to be regarded, in general, as incurable."

I asked Mr. Kenyon about the famous Swedish prison for psychopaths at Hall, and whether it was too soon to say anything about results there.

"Hall is a preventive detention centre," he said—"and remember, in Sweden that means a prison for the mentally abnormal. It's for men only, and takes about 110. It has 1,000 acres of farm, forest and lake—it was once a youth prison, rather like our Borstals. Inside the walls, 70 men live in groups of sixteen. Outside are two unfenced sections (each for 20 men), and one of these has barred windows while the other is completely open. As for punishments, there is solitary confinement in addition to the usual measures; but Hall is a bit like our Leyhill in the sense that a really unco-operative prisoner is transferred to one of the other four preventive detention places—'maximum security' and a good deal of solitary confinement. Very few men are at Hall for more than two years. As for results—well, you would hardly call Hall a success if you had to judge by those up to now. There is a 'failure rate' of 67.2 per cent. In 1953, although 233 were admitted for preventive detention at Hall, the courts had only sentenced 76. The rest must have been men on licence or parole, who had had to be recalled as failures—157 of them."

"Where do most of the murderers go? Many people seem to think that imprisoned murderers are going to be our great problem now, and that Sweden is showing the world how to treat them."

"Well, the Swedish statistics show that on December 31, 1953, there were only thirteen life sentence men in all the seventy Swedish prisons, and that in the year 1953 no man convicted of murder was sentenced to preventive detention at all. (The only three P.D. sentences were for sex crimes.) And, by the way, in case you think I may be confusing 'preventive detention' with 'internment,' there hasn't been an 'internment sentence for any sort of crime for the past seven years. The preventive detention places in Sweden are not dealing with murderers."

"Where are they, then?"

"With very few exceptions, they're in maximum security prisons under lock and key, where they stay for an average period of 14 years—presenting, I was given to understand, 'no special problems.' There's a number in the big central prison in Stockholm, for example, where armed guards patrol the walls, and the prison armoury contains tear gas."

"Does that mean that there have been second

thoughts about the schemes started by the 1945 Prisons Act?"

"Well, of course, there's gross overcrowding, making things as difficult for them as it does for us. Moreover, their crime figures are going up, and it looks as though their courts will start giving longer sentences, as ours did in which event they will be worse off than ever. They've reached saturation point in the use of open colonies. So there *have* been second thoughts, yes. The 1945 scheme was reshaped in 1948 by a circular from the Royal Prisons Board, which sharply modified the original idea about removing walls and bars and doing away with locked doors, and laid down a pretty rigid new schedule of 'locking-up times, association periods,' 'breaks, meal-times, hours of work, outdoor activities, and lights-out.' To quote the new regulations on 'leisure hours,' for example—I've got it here—'Inmates not participating in out-of-door activities shall be kept alone behind locked doors, unless otherwise stipulated by the warden for each individual case.'"

The Open Prisons

I asked what kinds go to the open prisons.

"Any kind may go, including 'preventive detention' cases. An unusual thing about going there is that if your sentence is less than three months—which the majority are—you go under your own steam, sometimes after a permitted interval for settling your domestic and business affairs. If you fail to turn up on the day when the prison governor expects you, he tells the police and you are taken there under arrest. The open prisons seem to have more 'drunken drivers' than any other kind of offender, because the standard test is a blood concentration of 0.8 per thousand of alcohol, and 1.5 automatically leads to imprisonment without the option of a fine. There were 2,093 of these in 1953, and that is 35.9 per cent. of all receptions into prison for the year. Many professional men and some leading citizens thus find their way into prison, which may be one reason why we hear so much about Swedish prisons—whose inmates are allowed to write and publish books and unlimited letters."

The work problem has been tackled more energetically than in this country. "About 20 per cent. of the prisoners work on contract for outside employers," said Mr. Kenyon. "The rest is for government departments, railways, post office, armed forces, and hospitals; and yet," he added, "there are several hundred men unemployed in Swedish prisons, and hundreds more making camouflage netting by hand, folding envelopes and paper bags; and a lot of this work is done in cells or in very small workshops. On the other hand the machinery in some of the bigger shops is first class, and there is neon lighting and air-conditioning. The work is all under the direction of regional industrial managers who are drawn from industry—and are eligible to be made prison governors. The lowest rate of pay for ordinary work is a shilling a day, and 1s. 8d. for skilled, but the average wage is about 5s. 6d. a day. At the top are men earning £7 a week. To my surprise, no prisoner has to pay anything for board and lodging, and all earnings are free of tax. They pay their own travelling expenses when they go on home leave—for 72 hours every three months."

It appears to me that the Swedish authorities seem to have little experience on which they can help us to make up our minds about the long-term "lifer." They are, however, constantly seeking new data, new forms of experiment; and it is of special interest that one of the places where they seek it is the now world-famous "social rehabilitation unit" at Belmont Hospital, in Surrey—to which the Swedish government, like many of the American states, is regularly sending its students and doctors.

It is odd, but by no means un-British, that we in this country should be conducting advanced, *but mainly unofficial*, clinical experiments in the use of group therapy for the rehabilitation of the psychopath, the work-shy, and the social inadequate who is likely to become criminal, while the Americans, the Scandinavians and the Dutch are doing it officially in their prisons and youth detention centres. The Englishman has for too long been thoroughly used to the idea of the single cell with its one reflective occupant, and he thinks of only two alternatives: first, the present dire need to cram three of them into one cell for reasons of space, which he regards as an abomination to be got rid of as soon as possible (though not all prisoners take this view); and secondly, the far worse communal gaols of the Newgate and "house of correction" period. It will be some time before he openly and knowingly accepts the idea underlying "group-therapy," and it may have to be re-christened before he will recognise it as the centuries-old basis of the tribal *indaba*, the Quaker meeting, the jury system, the juvenile "gang" and the theories of Robert Owen. But sooner or later it must be generally accepted that the social pressures which have combined with the nature of the individual to turn him to crime must often be invoked again to turn him away from it. A "therapeutic group" is an attempt to reproduce, in microcosm, the group or community that has this power—to deprave, to condemn, to redeem—plus the unobtrusive leadership of a psychiatric staff.

It is in Vacaville, in northern California, that this is being done at present on the largest scale. The California Department of Corrections has "gone to town" on group therapy. In ultra-modern buildings about 1,000 prisoners, who are regarded as patients although many are murderers, sex offenders and "trouble-makers" from other prisons, have twice weekly one-and-a-half-hour sessions in about a hundred different groups of eight or twelve. Each therapist in charge, sitting at the back of an "interview room," guides his group in discussing their problems openly. The treatment is voluntary but few prisoners hold aloof; the enthusiasm is infectious and the atmosphere sympathetic, relaxed, unregimented, bearing no resemblance to the tension and hostility to be found in the best of the merely custodial and even the "training" prisons. Vacaville is at present making no claims about effects on individual patients (the experiment is less than five years old), but from a prison management point of view the progress is spectacular. Riots, violence, and disciplinary problems have been abolished.

Group Therapy at Belmont

A similar system is in operation at the Van der Hoeven clinic in Utrecht, under Professor Peter Baan and a team of psychiatrists and psychologists. On a much smaller scale, we in England are attempting the same thing at Wormwood Scrubs and Wakefield. But perhaps the most promising experiment of all is the large research project, backed by the Nuffield Foundation, being conducted by the Belmont Hospital social rehabilitation unit under the direction of Dr. Maxwell Jones, to which many of these foreign institutions are now sending their doctors and students for courses of study. On July 26, 1955, Dr. Maxwell Jones told the Royal Commission on the Law Relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency:

> For the past eight years we have been specially concerned in studying the treatment needs of this type of individual in the social rehabilitation unit at Belmont. This unit has 100 beds—two-thirds male and one-third female. We believe that this type of patient is quite unsuitable for the usual forms of psychiatric treatment either physical or psychoanalytic. If admitted to a psychiatric hospital he is a disrupting influence in the wards. . . . We believe that such people, who are really displaced persons in our Society, will only become re-socialised if placed in an environment where they feel they are wanted. The exact nature of this environment has been the aim of our eight years of study. We have tried to forget our preconceptions about the social organisation of a hospital, and the traditional role of doctors, nurses, etc., and to build up a therapeutic community where 100 patients and 30 staff live together, meeting daily as a total community and then breaking up as small discussion groups and work groups, always with a view to the re-socialisation of the patient.
>
> . . . . We believe that there is no other country where psychopathic units of this type are to be found . . . . We believe that the development of such special units, either in relation to psychiatric hospitals or prison or both, and run on the lines of a therapeutic community, offer the best chance of re-socialising anti-social character disorders. It is encouraging to know that Professor Baan, Professor of Criminology in Utrecht, is developing a unit of 100 beds, of the kind under discussion, for the treatment of severe criminal psychopaths. He plans to pattern this experiment on the social rehabilitation unit at Belmont.

At Belmont Hospital I asked Dr. Maxwell Jones where he got his patients from. "Some from out-patient clinics," he said; "a few are sent here from prison, some have to take the treatment as a condition of a probation order under section 4 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948—but together these never amount to more than 25 per cent. of our patients. In the main this unit deals with the 'de-socialised' person rather than specifically with the anti-social."

"But the people put on probation and the people transferred here from prisons," I said, "they are unwilling patients: is any psychiatric contact possible with such people? Don't you need the patient's full co-operation?"

"A lot depends on the way he's been treated by magistrates, probation officers, police, prison doctors, his own family, and so on. I must admit that even many psychiatrists feel hostile towards psychopaths, and it's difficult to know how far the unwilling patient is the product of the resistances put up against him by those who should have helped him. But we've found, in treating patients sent here under section 4, that compulsion need not lead to unwillingnes to participate in psychiatric treatment. It's a slower business, of course, but we've usually got a year."

Dr. Maxwell Jones accepts the proposition made famous by Dr. John Bowlby, namely, that the "psychopathic personality" is often made in infancy, by separation from or absence of adequate parental care and affection. "We are dealing with Bowlby's separated children at a later stage," he says; "it's very rarely we get such a case that has had anything approaching an ordinary home environment."

In his evidence to the Royal Commission, therefore, he deplored the inadequacy of our treatment of psychopaths. "I do not think we are behind other countries," he said, "in fact I think we are in front, by and large, but the possibilities of treatment have not been fully explored. In our society, of course, we all know that in wartime a psychopath is an asset to society and makes one of the best fighters, for instance, in tank crews and bomber crews. They are extraordinarily useful when society goes mad and legalises killing; their aggression is then acceptable. . . . Treatment is particularly difficult, because of the resistance of the so-called 'ordinary public' to these patients being treated at all. They wish to

punish. They wish to segregate or to banish. . . . We are trying to treat the psychopaths, but we are paying a very heavy price in terms of popularity."

I knew that it was a feature of this kind of group therapy that the staff themselves, the doctors and nurses and social therapists, also had group meetings at which they dealt with their own "interpersonal tensions"; and that sometimes these took place as part of a joint meeting with the groups of patients. I asked Dr. Maxwell Jones why it was ever thought necessary to separate the two treatment areas (patients and staff).

"You have to give the patients the feeling," he said, "that the staff difficulties are about immediate problems in the field of learning, such as the training of new nurses or therapists, that they're not anything you could call 'illness.' The patients need to feel that the staff can cope with their own problems."

It seems, then, that in this country we lack neither the qualified men nor the experience to embark on a large-scale programme of treating crime in therapeutic communities. We do not need to turn to other countries, indeed they have noticeably turned to us, to find out what to do. What are we waiting for?

Staffing Problems

But the success of the best programme that experience and patience can evolve is completely dependent on the man whom, at present, we call the prison officer. Any significant extension of a therapeutic regime in the prisons would necessitate a special kind of staff and a special training. Prison officers would need to be case-workers as well as trained "mixers." One of the most important aspects of any job is the status and public esteem that derive from it. Now, most of our prisons are in poor, shabby, urban areas where "coppers" are not liked and "screws" are hated. Even in those diminishing areas where policemen are considered to be wonderful, prison officers are not esteemed. Today, moreover, a prison officer waits an average of 18 years for his first promotion—the most cogent, indeed almost the only, way in which those in authority over him can show any esteem. The job itself largely consists, though here I speak mainly of the local prisons, in locking and unlocking, in counting heads, in shouting orders, in watching men doing dull, repetitive work (speaking only in order to forbid something), in marching people about, in reporting offences against prison discipline. Between the excellent syllabus for the training of prison officers at the Imperial Training School, Wakefield, and the daily round of prison duties to which every trainee must return, there is a contrast that can only stress the extent to which the present system falls short even of current official aspirations. And yet, despite all these discouragements, human relationships keep on breaking through. There are prison officers, some of whom I know, whose aptitude for case-work and community therapy with Dr. Maxwell Jones's "displaced persons" is beyond doubt; and there is a much larger number with the kind of humanity which, in itself formless and even inimical to any sound prison regime, can be changed by training into a potent instrument for the work of "resocialisation."

The prison officers need a positive aim. They need a promotion ladder with as many rungs as can reasonably be interspersed between entering the service and attaining a competency. (It is hard to bear a lack of promotion which, in a uniformed service, is visible to all; and there may well be some temptation to assert a superiority over the men behind the locked doors which could provoke indiscipline, punishment, further resentment and the steady *crescendo* of ill-feeling that leads to the occasional outburst of violence in a prison.)

One is greatly encouraged, therefore, to read of the experiment now going on at Norwich Prison, where selected prison officers are being given facilities and encouragement to take a personal interest in the prisoners under their charge, a small number to each officer, with frequent case conferences at which the prisoner's personality problems can be discussed with other officers and with the governor. This is half-way to "Belmont"; for it is important to get officers to feel that they are participating actively in a process of rehabilitation—and, above all, that people superior to them in rank will listen to them.

Your Department has just issued an excellent booklet, Mr. Home Secretary, to entice recruits into the Prison Service. "Do you want a worthwhile career," it begins, "and not just another job? The service demands powers of leadership, sympathy and control; it offers a life full of human interest and a chance to train those in prisons . . . to face the world again." Does it? If the present system could be said to do that (and the special quality of a few prison officers now serving could make it true), how much more worth-while a job it could be if, for example, you called in the experience of modern industry to establish new standards in the difficult practice of human relationships, and added to it the social psychiatry of the Belmont social rehabilitation unit.

It will be obvious that all these proposals necessitate new conceptions as to the scope of "after-care" for discharged prisoners. Indeed, the continued attention given to a prisoner after release would be in the nature of a tapering-off treatment of the kind to which he was by then accustomed. The whole after-care system would need to be reorganised, so that highly skilled, professional case-work was available to all possible recidivists, while the less difficult cases were the responsibility of suitably selected voluntary workers. There is a surprisingly large number of persons in this country who are ready to befriend the discharged prisoner: they need to be unobtrusively organised (i.e., they must not be allowed to *feel* officially controlled) to give their moral and social assistance to discharged prisoners of the kind that show some promise of regaining stability. Their ranks can be stiffened by the present officials of the 38 Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, who should now come out of the prisons and (to quote the 1953 Committee on Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies—the "Maxwell Report") "should shift the emphasis of their interest from 'aid on discharge' to personal 'after-care'." The work these officials have hitherto done in the prisons (the preparation for discharge, the inquiries as to employment) will then be the concern of the new welfare officers now being appointed; but it could also become, more and more, the interest of the new kind of prison officer whose training will have fitted him for case-work as part of a team.

After-care Proposals

There are, however, five matters which will need specific attention in the furtherance of these after-care reforms. First, selection for specific kinds of after-care will have to be done by reference to individuals, not classifications. Every man who comes out of prison is an exception to the law of averages: it is one of the characteristics that got him in there. Secondly, if discharged prisoners who have been having group therapy are to continue after discharge, it must no longer be a condition of their release that they "must not associate with persons of bad character": they won't get much stimulus in therapeutic groups from persons of good character—and the prison psychiatrists are already handicapped by the breaking-up of their groups by release on licence. Thirdly, we must repeal as soon as possible the provision of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, that requires so many discharged prisoners to report once a month to the Central After-Care Association instead of, as formerly, to the police. The change was beneficently intended, but its effect has been to make the After-Care Association seem like an instrument of punishment, and to encourage men to shake it off at the earliest possible moment and never go near it again, even in the direst need. Fourthly, every man coming out of prison should have at least £10 in his pocket, regardless of the provision made by National Assistance—and whether or not he has been enabled to save it from prison earnings or has had it advanced to him as against National Assistance grants to which he might otherwise be entitled. We have been too lightly, and too early, entrusting the discharged prisoner to the Welfare State. And fifthly, we must provide hostel accommodation for the temporarily homeless ex-prisoner, whose self-esteem it is to our great interest to rebuild.

Conclusions

I offer, therefore, the following recommendations, many of which were originally evolved by the Howard League and now constitute an important part of its actual programme of prison reform. There is one respect in which the Howard League's limited financial resources, strained always to the utmost, need the massive augmentation which only your Department can supply; and that is in the formation of an enlightened public opinion, in the preparation of the conventional crime-and-punishment moral climate for the acceptance of far-reaching changes. In this, as in the special problem of the death penalty for murder, it is the true function of government to lead and not to follow.

It is believed that you already accept many of the ideas in contemporary penology which are well in advance of penal practice; and that, accordingly, you see imprisonment not as essentially custodial or punitive but rather as affording the opportunity for treatment, re-education and "re-socialisation." But the obvious physical fact of cancelled liberty is seen as punitive by the prisoner, by the prison staff, and by "the man in the street"—whose views the judges so often, so confidently, and so eloquently represent. The real problem, then, is how to turn bitter and resentful men and women into better citizens.

At the same time, deprivation of liberty is a sanction which, where moral obligation might fail, will deter the majority of individuals from anti-social behaviour; and accordingly, the punitive and deterrent elements cannot be ignored. Yet there are large numbers of offenders who are impulsive and incapable of calculating risks. These are not, and will not be, "deterred." Their detention must therefore serve some other purpose.

I have dealt at some length with the futility of short sentences for petty thieves, vagrants, civil prisoners, alcoholics, and others who could be dealt with outside prison walls; and with the huge increase in long-sentence prisoners—the essence of our present problem of overcrowding, under-staffing, and lack of prison work. Now, therefore, I put forward six specific proposals.

(1) We must limit, as far as possible, the number of people sentenced for *less* than one year and those sentenced for *more* than two years.

(2) We shall then be dealing with the following classes:

(a) The "professional" criminals, not to be

deterred by any other measures. These form a small percentage of the criminal population.

(b) The small number of habitual offenders in whose case all re-educative treatment has so far failed and against whom society *must* be protected.

(c) Unstable, "socially-inadequate" people: the homeless offender, the "displaced person" of the social scene, unable to stand on his own feet and to calculate risks. For these people, an institutional regime can offer some stability and security: they should be coaxed along towards a realisation of this, and in due course released to hostels with full liberty.

(d) Persons suffering from chronic nervous or psychotic disturbance, whose behaviour cannot be controlled or guaranteed, and who cannot be treated extra-murally.

For each of these classes of prisoners separate kinds of institutions are needed, on the lines that I have described.

(3) *The prisons themselves must be changed drastically.*

(a) There must be smaller units, with a high degree of personal contact between staff and prisoners. The maximum population of any prison should be 150. In fact, the prison system of the future should be an improvement on the Borstal system of today. Responsibility should be allowed, progressively, to the prisoners themselves.

(b) The buildings themselves must change. They are too vast and too old. Cells must be abolished and the prisons developed as communities. Heating, lighting and sanitation must be brought up to modern public health standards. Until suitable, new, small prisons can be built, the existing buildings must be modernised and used in self-contained sections, each housing not more than 150 prisoners, and each with its own governor and welfare staff.

(c) Prison labour must change. It must be felt to be purposeful and of value to the community. It must be paid at "the rate for the job," and prisoners must save enough to keep themselves for the first two weeks after their discharge, besides contributing to the upkeep of their families.

(d) Prison staffs must change. They must be given positive and constructive roles, with responsibility for individual prisoners. They must become professional case-workers of important status, and be accorded due recognition in the social services; but unless their pay is considerably more attractive than what is thought appropriate to most of the social services today, we shall wait for them in vain. Extensive use should be made, by group therapy methods and by staff consultative meetings, of the fact that the prison officers are human beings with personal problems and enthusiasms of their own.

(e) There must, perhaps above all, be a steady and determined campaign of public education about the whole, half-relegated problem of what is happening to the prisoner; we must encourage the growing change of public attitude until it compares with the acceptance of the mental hospital as something that has entirely supplanted the lunatic asylum.

(4) The after-care system must become an organisation at least as important and perceptible as the great prisons themselves. The recommendations of the Maxwell Report should be put into effect without delay, the following additional needs being taken into account:

(a) Care for individuals, not for "classifications."

(b) Continued group therapy after discharge, where suitable.

(c) No more "reporting" to the After-Care Office as if it were a police station.

(d) £10 saved earnings on discharge.

(e) Hostels for homeless ex-prisoners, staffed by trained social workers.

5. Prison governors must be freed from routine administrative duties, so that they can start dealing with human problems. Every prison should have an Industrial Manager with at least ten years' experience of outside industry, and these officers, who should rank equally with assistant governors, should be eligible for appointment as governors in due course if they display the qualities needed.

6. Perhaps above all, a vast educational effort will be necessary. It must attack, everywhere and every day, the unquestioning apathy among the fatalistic majority, which nourishes and sustains the criminal law as a kind of sacred cow, and which still largely accepts its blundering, self-propagating cruelties as a Hogarthian public absorbed the Newgate Calendar and Maria Martin. It has for too long been a political convenience to call these people "the trade unions." However many of them belong to trade unions, they are all human beings first; and their inherited fears, their conventional rigidities, stand massively in the way of penological progress. To this end and for this purpose, one must first convince the Minister. This is why I have written to you at such length, reciting so many facts that you already know in order to draw inferences and urge remedies that I hope you will not resist.

C. H. ROLPH

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Open Imagination

It has always been dangerous to be a comic writer. It has been especially dangerous in the last decades of Puritan criticism. Out go the eighteenth-century novelists. Fielding becomes a mere hearty; Sterne is cast out as a sniggerer; Joyce is dirty; the early comic Dickens is despised; the grim Dickens is admired. So we might go on. Comic writers are written off as popular humorists and are damned and I doubt if there are any who have not been called low, perverse, lower-class, coarse, squalid or depressing. They are certainly called caricaturists and portrayers of that peculiar fantasy of the genteel reviewers: "the worst" or "the less attractive side of human nature." These critics are not always obtuse or humourless. They are even likely, in England, to enjoy irony; but they do fail to understand the springs of the comic genius.

At the back of the minds of such critics is the opinion that the comic is the "lighter side" of serious literature; and it is true that the English novelists do go in for a lot of amused sociality. But in the great comic writers, the comic is the whole, not the part. It is the world of anarchy, not of order. It offers a complete alternative to the principled universe, opposes saturnalia to the faith, undermines with the pervasive secret religion of meaninglessness. The comic affirms that the everlasting powers are not the powers that be, but are perpetrators of orgy. But (since nothing is pure and simple in the world) the comic is not merely animal darkness. The animal is in conflict with a courageous, personal, poetic vision. Caught in this anomaly many comic writers have suffered from melancholy and hypochondria. After coitus with the sublime, the animal is sad.

The purest example of the comic genius is Gogol. In his life and writing he contains the whole case. The ground was cleared, at his death, by Turgenev's remark that Gogol was not a humorist in the English manner. The English comics live in a society which regards social adaptability as the first moral requirement and their sense of anarchy and orgy has been forced to compromise in the collection of moral types and eccentrics—who are really the conventional turned inside out and raw, like skinned rabbits. Gogol was a connoisseur also, especially in *Dead Souls*, but he went further. The beat of a spontaneous and Homeric rhetoric can be heard in his writing. It sometimes breaks through. Where we are good-natured about social pressure, Gogol is aware of loneliness. There is a rough and ready idea that in *The Government Inspector*, in *Dead Souls* and in stories like *The Cloak* and *How the Two Ivans Quarrelled*, Gogol is the satirist who exposes the corruption of a society; but his situation is more complex than that. I would recommend to the reader David Magarshack's new, painstaking *Life** which goes thoroughly into the strangeness of Gogol's situation. Mr. Magarshack is not very stirring, but he enables us to see Gogol in detail.

* *Gogol.* By DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Faber.* 36s.

Gogol was born and remained the ugly duckling. Stunted, bandy, with an absurd nose, sexually impotent (it is supposed) or infantile, Gogol was a timid and ill-educated man who sought power in his imagination. It is wonderfully rich. He was naive, secretive and painfully masochistic in life; in mind he had boundless and arrogant ambition, a fatal though driving conviction that since he was different from other people and unable to make contact with them, it was because he had a personal mission to save Russia and the world by his comic art. His "difference" sprang from a horror of the flesh and from sexual disgust—his one physical indulgence was gluttony—and yet, though he had little sense of reality, he was no extremist. He was almost shockingly moderate, was easily overwhelmed by strong characters, particularly by men, and was naturally parasitic, masochistic and hypochondriacal. The pattern of his tragedy is well-known. He was idealistically religious. At first his religion was his harmless and necessary illusion and his comic genius lived happily with it, until the end of *Dead Souls*. Then it got the upper hand of him. He went to Rome and conceived the idea that *Dead Souls* must follow the design of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, that he must show in his comedy the progress from hell, through purgatory to Salvation. He exhausted himself and got muddled in the impossible scheme and, unluckily, on his return to Russia, came under the influence of a fanatical priest who convinced him that his comic art was wicked and that he must renounce it and go into a monastery. Gogol destroyed the second part of *Dead Souls*, renounced his art as Tolstoy was to do, and then made the horrifying discovery that he had no religious vocation. He had lost his art and his illusion. That killed him.

No one who reads Gogol can doubt the completeness of his comic view of life or that the impulse in him is poetic and subjective. His early readers thought him a satirist of social evils, but it was soon discovered that he was very slapdash and inaccurate. He was creating grotesques and fantasies out of his own head, from hearsay and the tales of his mother. The two superb ideas of *The Government Inspector* and *Dead Souls* were not his own; they were given to him by Pushkin. His genius required that kind of directive from outside. Prince Mirsky in his *History of Russian Literature* describes the change that took place when Gogol received these ideas or observed the world, and it is important to note it because it confirms the idea of the autonomous and poetic nature of great comic genius:

> Gogol's work was satirical but not in the ordinary sense. It was not objective, but subjective, satire. His characters were not realistic caricatures of the world without, but introspective caricatures of the fauna of his own mind. They were exteriorisations of his own "ugliness" and "vices." *The Government Inspector* and *Dead Souls* were satires of self, and of Russia and mankind only in so far as Russia and mankind reflected that self.

The caricatures become alternatives to the figures in life—as they often do in Dickens—they are vegetative:

> The aspect under which he sees reality is experienced by the untranslatable Russian word *poshlost*, which is perhaps best rendered as "self-satisfied inferiority, moral and spiritual."

The vegetative quality is, of course, the source of his closeness to the words, speech rhythms and fantasies of the popular mind which has made him untranslatable. We can feel the release of his simplicity but miss its full glow. The Gogol we read in English is a shadow. We can see, from the foregoing, why his naive religion of "lofty thoughts" must have arisen. Art was the orgy of eye and ear: observe the detail in which Sobakevitch's criss-cross walk is described in *Dead Souls*, the minutiæ of the guzzling meals and the hours of physical stupefaction. All the Russians have had a sense of the slackness of human habit in the lost hours of the day: Sterne alone has that gift in English literature. But Gogol is not moody like so many Russians; those lost hours are packed with small movements. So loose and capricious is the narrative line, so careless (in the formal sense) are Gogol's leaps from self to character, that one might suppose he was a writer who took little trouble, or wrote out of a haphazard spontaneity. This is not so. Gogol's methods are industriously, even absurdly calculated. He is as thorough as a madman. He was an actor or mimic of talent. He very often dressed up in ridiculous clothes before going to his room to work and then warmed up by waving his arms about, clutching his hair and pulling grotesque faces. He laid it down that everything must be written eight times at least. Between each version the writer should go on a journey, enjoy himself or write something else. Good writing emerges from a loosening process; and (one must add) good comic writing is a matter of taking one's time. When Chichikov has drunk too much at the Civil Servants' party, and is driven home, Gogol dawdles over the description and picks out one ridiculous touch of nature, which makes that journey memorable for ever:

> Luckily the driver of the vehicle was a practised man at his work, for, while driving with one hand, he succeeded in leaning backwards and, with the other, holding Chichikov securely in his place.

The "touches of nature" abound in Gogol because he is all nature. Yet he does not sprawl or wallow. In any page of his writing we notice the activity of the sentences and the clear design of incident. The dressed-up writer is indeed acting his book as he writes. Gogol's father had been an amateur playwright and Gogol's own dramatic gift owed something to the Ukrainian puppet theatre. He knew—as again Sterne did—the value of stage device. The scene with the absurd and suspicious woman landowner in *Dead Souls* is pure theatre. The tale of the *Two Ivans* is a play. Gogol was well-versed in plotting and counter-plotting, in the reversal of situations, the capping and re-capping. There is no artificiality in this; the scenes arise from the changeability, the suspicions and passions of human beings. We are, he would say, sly dogs, very vain, very deep.

The final quality of Gogol can crudely be

called optimism. It is really the open imagination. It is the power to convey that we have more than one string to our bow, that there are still resources, and that meaninglessness is endurable because, transcending it, is our own personal appearance in the human drama. Our strength lies in our power to dream. The point can be made clearer by looking at the end of *The Cloak*. A tragic, wretched, pathetic story: the poor clerk who has made so many sacrifices to get a coat is robbed of it, can never get the police to do anything about it and dies in misery. But, after death, his ghost, or some other ghosts, start haunting the city by night and snatching at people's cloaks, with triumphant and frightening vengeance. We do not see justice done, but it is our personal fantasy, our sustaining illusion that justice could exist. Our dreams are our revenge, the meanings we live by in a meaningless world. We know that Gogol lived by this curious, inner rhetoric which came out openly in *Taras Bulba*. It was because the religion he was obsessed by turned out to be very different from the religion the fanatical priest tried to foist on him, that he died. They were trying to take away his orgy. Possibly the order he was offered by them seemed empty to him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The fifth volume of Jung's Collected Works, now published, is *Symbols of Transformation* (Routledge, 35s.), a new translation by R. F. C. Hull of the work previously published as *Psychology of the Unconscious*. On February 14 will appear a new revised edition of Legouis's and Cazamian's *History of English Literature* (Dent, 25s.), with bibliographies revised throughout by Dr. Donald Davie.

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On the packed trod the fern
Beside the crushing boot
Its should-be spreading head will turn
Turn as a serpent's coil
And thrust down to the soil
To re-embrace its root,
Renounce the light and air
And its own self inter.
A self itself inter!

Regard this seedling oak.
Busy improvident sheep
The should-be guardian netting broke
Young hopeful twigs to lop
and scallopped leafits crop.
What in the limb's wide sweep
And oakly dignity
Stems from such infancy
Grows from calamity?

In the cavern gulfs of thought
Whatever stir unheard
The should-be sunlike luminary sought
Flits off as spark from flint
Or the billion-year-old glint
From an inapprehensible Word;
Though new as our morning sky
To some Martian saucering nigh
Meseem as I saunter by.

Years gone, this Spring in me
Dared hardly greet the May,
May's should-be summoning breath would flee

Like an unwanted wish
Fishing for so long a fish
It warned all wishes away.
Come spring, sing clear of Winter
And your self enter
Spring into Spring enter!

I. A. RICHARDS

The Roman River

The Life of Hilaire Belloc. By ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*

Max Beerbohm once described Belloc, to his face, as "a Roman river full of baskets and dead cats". A curious, but apt, comparison: there is nothing quite so purposeless and destructive as a torrent men have failed to harness. Despite his immense certitudes, Belloc lacked a sense of direction. He was a rebel without a cause. At one point in his masterly biography, Mr. Speaight remarks that Belloc, unlike Chesterton, was a Catholic before he was a Christian. He possessed not so much a faith as a Church, and a Church whose most important aspect, to him, was its militancy. When a non-Catholic asked him if he really believed that the bread and wine were changed into Christ's Body and Blood, he replied that he would believe they were changed into an elephant if the Church told him to. This remark reveals how little Belloc understood his religion, and how ill-equipped he was to propagate it. He wanted not so much to persuade, as to batter into submission. He preferred the noise of battle to the fruits of peace. Revolution he defined as "a reversion to the normal". Of Gosse he said, "the best thing about him was that he could quarrel".

Belloc, in short, was a crusader, not a propagandist. Nevertheless, for more than forty years he was the principal lay spokesman of the Catholic Church in England. He delivered thousands of lectures on his religion, and wrote millions of words for such papers as the *Universe*, and it is doubtful if he ever made a single convert. He wasted years of his time and energy battering against the Whig interpretation of history when this was, in fact, already being demolished by modern academic historians. His vulgar dispute with Wells over the *Outline of History* brought little credit either to himself or his Church. Even his controversy with Dr. Coulton succeeded only in convincing objective observers that Belloc was a bad historian.

There is some truth, of course, in Belloc's complaint that he was at a disadvantage when dealing with dons because he could never afford the time to do sufficient research; but the real answer is that he was temperamentally incapable of pursuing truth for its own sake. Of his chosen profession, he wrote:

> The ideal thing is for the historian to write his history and then to have a gang of trained slaves who can go through the proofs from various aspects. That is why, take it all in all, gentlemen have made the best historians.

When he was writing his account of Napoleon's Russian campaign, he went by train from Warsaw to Moscow, but he did not break his journey to examine the battlefields; and one suspects that he merely made the trip to salve his conscience. Mr. Speaight admits that Belloc was not an effective exponent of the faith, but claims that he at least gave English Catholicism self-confidence. I doubt if even this is true. Belloc was a source of embarrassment to the more intelligent of his fellow-Catholics. They were aware that he was discrediting Catholic history, and some of them even found it necessary to attack his more grotesque claims. A new generation of Catholic scholars, such as Professor Knowles, have had to set the record straight, and Catholic publishers do not show themselves notably anxious to reprint Belloc's controversial works.

Was Belloc a failure then? He thought so himself. The refusal of All Souls to award him a fellowship was, to him, an initial setback from which he never recovered. Despite his enormous output—he published, for instance, six books between June, 1903, and November, 1904—he never made a decent living from his writing, and throughout his life he was sentenced to the treadmill of lecturing. Apart from the brief period when he was literary editor of the *Morning Post*, he never had a regular salaried job. "I feel," he wrote in a painful letter to Maurice Baring, "as though there were a gulf between me and other men". There was indeed! It is not difficult to understand why the Fellows of All Souls rejected him and why the various literary ventures with which he was connected withered and died. Belloc, as Mr. Speaight remarks, was "a lone outrider," not a leader, and above all not a colleague. He found British politics incomprehensible, and it is amazing that he ever consented to enter them. He failed even in his favourite *métier*, war. Belloc described battles better than anyone since Froissart, but he never managed to be present at one, and even as a military commentator during the 1914 war, he proved wildly unreliable.

Yet the truth is that Belloc cannot be judged by these orthodox standards. It is impossible to classify as a failure the man who wrote *The Cruise of the 'Nona'* and *The Four Men*. *The Path to Rome* is the finest travel-book in the English language; indeed, it is more than this—as Wagner said of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, it is "the apotheosis of the dance". Belloc's poetry—to which Mr. Speaight does less than justice—above all his lyrics, will be read when Chesterton and Rupert Brooke are forgotten. *Danton* and *Robespierre* are widely, and rightly, recognised as masterpieces, but he wrote so many others, unknown, alas, to the modern reading public. Their failure to achieve the success they deserved saddened him, but on the whole—at least in the first half of his life—he was a reasonably happy man with a violent capacity for enjoyment:

> As I bicycled to-day I passed a public house called the Noah's Ark, and with the loud shout "I am one of the beasts" I went in and drank honest beer.

There were many such moments in his life. After all, the true image of Belloc—of a huge man, filled with a great hunger and thirst, inviting himself to dinner, his pockets stuffed with bread and bottles of Burgundy—is not an unhappy one.

His real tragedy is not that he failed in what he set out to do, but that he never even began

the work for which he was really equipped. What the Catholic Church in England lacked—and still lacks—was not an historian to conduct skirmishes into its past, but a compassionate genius who could pattern its social conscience for the future. Belloc was such a man. It is astonishing that he never read Péguy, a man with whom he had so much in common, and who did more than any other writer to create the modern French Catholic Left. Belloc had all the instincts of a Catholic radical. His hatred of injustice, not merely *sub specie æternitatis*, but in the concrete universe of cities and politics, his contempt for money, his love for working men and peasants, his longing for revolutions and the fight against established order, his need for a faith not merely for the next world, but for this—all these would have fused into something positive, had he been able to see that his destiny lay on the Left. For a period, indeed, when he was under the influence of Cardinal Manning, the real author of *Rerum Novarum*, the fusion seemed possible. But time and experience drove pitiless wedges into the flaws in his character. His anti-Semitism, soured by the Dreyfus case, settled on his mind like a cloud. During his few years in Parliament, his talents were consumed, like those of so many other Catholic politicians, in the endless battle to defend Catholic education; the Marconi scandal, in which he was emotionally involved, finally convinced him that representative institutions were valueless. His wife's early death, the real turning-point in his life, nurtured his latent pessimism. His vision became increasingly fixed either on eternity, or on the heroic past; the present was contemptuously dismissed. So the great controversialist thundered in vain causes, pursuing imaginary enemies. Like Rupert at Marston Moor, he charged on into the empty countryside, while the real battle was being fought out of sight. And his only booty was baskets and dead cats.

PAUL JOHNSON

Soft-faced Men

Switchboard. By ROGER LONGRIGG. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Heaven Knows Where. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The Guest. By ALFRED MARNAU. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*

The Eye of Love. By MARGERY SHARP. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

For every Lucky Jim in post-war London, there is at least one Lucky Julian, or Nigel, or Adrian, or Charles. Eternally twenty-nine, smooth, well-fed, and dapper, he's probably an arts graduate of Oxbridge and a former star of the Footlights or the O.U.D.S. Today, his wit and expensive learning are often employed in selling space or personalities, writing minutes or commercials, making old-boy contacts, or filling in on ITV. In his tiny flat among the espresso-bar furniture he holds out for gracious living, with the highest fi on the market and a vodka in every martini. His conversation is by Nancy Mitford, his politics by the City press, his accent and philosophy by *Salad Days*. His leisurely luncheons, of course, are by expense account. I've heard him described as one of the soft-faced men who did well out of the peace.

These chaps are the inhabitants of Roger Longrigg's well-observed world. If you read *The High-Pitched Buzz* you'll have met them before. In *Switchboard*, for the second time, they perform their elegant gyrations, chiefly in a series of "Everest parties" (remember those pyramids?), in advertising agencies, and at a Magdalen Commem. Ball. This last provokes the climax of a triangle drama that's a little awkwardly inserted into the story's gauzy texture: it moves one, but in a detached, vicarious manner not far from sentimentality. Far better, in fact, are the farcical episodes and the brilliant conversation-pieces: a hubbub of smart absurdity to do with gimcrack

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JOHN CALDER

filming and social unease. At least two good clowns emerge—the ineptly *arriviste* Perkins, and Christopher Townsend, the glib ex-military buffoon. But neither character survives the triangle drama; and one's final impression is of Waugh-and-water with an incongruous dash of gruel. Still, the mixture fizzes entertainingly, and the atmosphere is wickedly exact.

Mr. Enright's new book shares with Mr. Longrigg's that favourite puppet of the satirist, the mild-mannered hero, a protagonist acted upon rather than acting. But in this case the hero is nearer to those of the Redbrick school—a soft-faced man who does badly out of everything. This is Packet of Egyptian fame, shortly after his upsetting *Academic Year*. Now he goes to be a tutor in English literature on the island of Velo in the South China Sea. Velo is ruled by a polished and enlightened coloured King, M.A., and presumably Ph.D., Cantab., whose conversation, like his rule, is laced with Robert Burton and Sir Thomas More. Marcel Hagernotti, also of Egyptian fame, turns up in the course of the story, wooing the King's vast midwife sister, and bringing to the island his own rococo brand of intrigue. Various picturesque and titillating ceremonies are described in detail, including a war, an earthquake, and a Night of Wrath; then, with little warning, Packet packs and pulls out. Mr. Enright is clearly a kind man; and his portraits, in *Heaven Knows Where*, lack the amusing but annoying condescension of *Black Mischief*. Instead, his book seemed to me like a blend of More's *Utopia*, Swift's *Lilliput*, Hume Beaman's *Toytown*, and the early fantasies of Norman Douglas. You'll be right if you gather that I found it rather aimless—richly funny in places ("'You failed attaché!' I hissed back")—but in others verging on what used to be called twee. Maybe this is because of its imaginary setting: It lacks an edge and an anchor. Its prelude and postlude, both splendidly seedy, appear to promise further Packet adventures. Next time, I hope their setting's real.

The setting of *The Guest* is likewise hard to pinpoint, though it's somewhere on the non-Italian Adriatic coast, in the later days of World War II. This novel, which was first published in German last year as *Das Verlangen nach der Hölle*, has been well if anonymously translated: but it's the kind of book that makes better sense—to me at least—in its own language. Superficially, it describes the feud between a pocket dictator and an Orson Welles-size chieftain, the Lord Grigoroi in his bleak castle high up among the crags. In and out of the feud pass innumerable shadowy figures, including the Abbot Ambrosius, mystic and would-be martyr, and—hold it—Adam Galganleugul, whom the baffled blurb not unjustly describes as "an 'outsider' in the Camus tradition." Some of these figures are touched with humour; but the real innards of the book are its haunted, brooding atmosphere and its disturbing, fateful symbolism. None of this comes over well in English: the surrealist landscape has a stiffness and over-portentousness that are betrayed by our unhieratic language. Read it, nevertheless, as an exotic oddity with moments of real power.

From Alfred Marnau to Margery Sharp is quite a step—from a storm-lit battleground to a pre-war England as sunny and brittle as a film set. *The Eye of Love* is a slight, touching, and good-tempered romance about Harry Gibson, an unprosperous fur-seller, his scrawny and respectable mistress, and the latter's neice, a more-or-less unembarrassing child who draws and makes dispassionate comments. Mr. Gibson and his inamorata see each other, with the eye of love, as Bluff King Hal and his Spanish Rose: unfortunately, a trade depression makes it expedient that Bluff King Hal marry the daughter of his principal rival. Need I say that the situation is saved before the book is ended? It begins with some fur-trade fun in the Wolf Mankowitz preserve, but later softens into Miss Sharp's more usual manner. It balances neatly between comedy and feeling—but only at the expense of rather patronising its characters and sometimes lapsing into the facetious tone whose echo you may have detected a few lines above.

RICHARD MAYNE

Private Portraits of Public Servants

Friendship's Harvest. By VIOLET MARKHAM. *Reinhardt. 25s.*

Young persons who think they know all about English life in the first quarter of this century on the basis of Mrs. Cowles and the Beaverbrook school of historians might profitably be directed to this book. Previously formed stereotypes of vulgar Edwardians, smug public servants and cut throat politicos will not stand up for a minute to these lively portraits of Robert Morant, Mackenzie King, John Buchan and a dozen others. Cecil Torr (of *Small Talk at Wreyland*) mischievously sharpens his pen against Christian or pedant; his friend Wallis Budge, the Egyptologist, arrives at Wreyland armed against his host with a Bible, a French novel and *Tit-Bits*; Robert Morant, vetted by Florence Nightingale, disappears into Siam to teach the King's nephews and reappears seven years later having created a national system of education; Haldane is packed off from Edinburgh to Tübingen because his parents consider Oxford a centre of atheism and immorality. Fifty years later, he is refusing to let his guests at Cloan play bridge: "It had done more to destroy the intellectual life of England than any other cause." Asquithians, please note.

Violet Markham has known everybody, as they say, in public life; but her knowledge is of the gritty, active kind that comes of working with people, and not the blander view of the society hostess for whom the great put their best face foremost. This sense of campaigns shared no less than ideals—miners' housing, national insurance, coals in the bath, to lick or not to lick the servants' health stamps—gives an edge to her portraits of her brother, Arthur Markham, the Radical coalowner with a passion for social justice; Mary McArthur, the beautiful and eloquent champion of women in industry; Hilda Cashmore, the awkward, dedicated social worker—"she was like an outside conscience"—and, above all, Robert Morant, under whom Violet Markham found her way into Government work. For her he is pre-eminently the man of independent judgment, who so very often passed over, in public life, for the complacent; and about him she is frankly partisan, considering that great injustice has been done him by the biographers of his adversary at the Board of Education, Sir Michael Sadler. Indeed, she is at her most likeable when indignant about a friend: her scorn is complete about the anti-Haldane campaign in 1915, "the most discreditable witch-hunt which ever disgraced the Tory party." Even Haldane's mother was smeared as being the illegitimate daughter of the German Emperor!

Miss Markham's own nature is reflected in the way she writes about others: she is practical (Crystal Palace Paxton was her grandfather), shrewd ("Trade Unions of professional people, like doctors and teachers, are apt to be more bigoted and violent in their views than their opposite numbers in industry"), warm-hearted and imaginative. She has been very active and busy but has understood what all the action signified. "We educated ourselves," she writes of early settlement days, "at the expense of those we wished to help." "Love and friendship," she writes, now in her late seventies, "are the great stakes of existence, and great stakes inevitably imply losses as well as gains." But even so delightful and wise a memoir-writer mustn't be allowed to bag one of the best-attested Henry James stories (about one of the two poor wantons having a certain cadaverous grace) for Edmund Gosse, though it was said *to* him; particularly when there is such a prime Gosse *mot* immediately afterwards, made about an unpopular acquaintance: "There'll be many a dry eye when he is gathered to Beelzebub's bosom."

JANET ADAM SMITH

Itinerant Emperor

The Emperor Charles the Fifth. By ROYALL TYLER. *Allen & Unwin. 32s.*

"King of the Romans, elected Romen Emperor, King of Spain, the Indies and the mainland on the far side of the Atlantic, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders . . ." So the roll-call of titles proceeded, and to each there answered the same person: the young, ungainly Charles of Ghent, the heir by dynastic accident to the largest empire that the world had known. Behind the glittering titles lay the reality of numerous lands and provinces, each with its own history and traditions, and each requiring to be governed. This was the hardest of all the problems that faced the Emperor Charles V. He was called upon to rule an empire that was no more than an agglomeration of unrelated territories, sharing nothing but a common sovereign. What was Sicily to Brabant or Austria to Spain?

Against all the odds, the empire just held together during his reign. The achievement was considerable. It was not merely that Charles's empire was threatened by Turks from without and Protestants from within; the Emperor was confronted by problems of government daunting in their complexity. The societies of sixteenth-century Europe demanded the personal presence of the king at every turn. It was his task to dispense justice to his subjects, to remedy their grievances, to lead them in war, and to reward the loyal with office and advancement. These were essential functions of kingship which could be delegated only at the cost of strains and stresses within the society, and were neglected at the risk of revolution. How could Charles, the ruler of so many scattered realms, conceivably provide

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the personal, patriarchal government which his vassals in each of them demanded of him? It was characteristic of the man that he made superhuman efforts to conform to the prevalent concept of kingship. Burdened with the cares of government, he none the less contrived to lead his armies in war. Saddled with numerous dominions, he attempted to remain personally acquainted with the needs and problems of each, visiting them as frequently as his many preoccupations allowed. The late Mr. Royall Tyler, in his life of Charles V, gives a revealing synopsis of the journeys of this indefatigable traveller. Nine visits to the empire during the course of his reign, seven to Spain, seven to Italy, as well as visits to France, England and North Africa and innumerable shorter journeys inside the various provinces—it was no mean record for a man whom repeated attacks of gout made peculiarly sensitive to the discomforts of sixteenth-century travel.

The effort was justified. He came to know his subjects remarkably well, and they, for all his prolonged periods of absence, remained loyal to him. Quick to learn the lesson of his disastrous first visit to Spain and to appreciate the different national temperaments of his subjects, he managed by his voyaging to refute charges that he was favouring any one nation, and succeeded in preserving the fiction cherished by each province that he was primarily its own ruler and only incidentally the ruler of others. For all his efforts, the fiction was beginning to wear very thin by the end of the reign, and disaster came when the itinerant emperor was replaced by a sedentary king. An empire governed from the heart of Castile by a monarch personally out of touch with his other provinces inevitably took on the colours of a Castilian empire. The ominous change was ascribed to Philip II's failure to follow his father's example and travel. From Aragon to the Netherlands the theme of Philip's reign was the same: "we are deprived of the presence of our prince."

Charles, by his travels, to some extent countered this persistent, instinctive complaint. Unfortunately, those same travels make the work of his biographer difficult. A ruler on the move from one country to another, leading an expedition here, picking up the threads of government there, does not lend himself easily to a biography which hopes to preserve artistic unity. Karl Brandi, in his famous life of Charles, kept the unity by concentrating on Charles's work in Germany. Royall Tyler chose to distribute the emphasis more evenly over Europe and in so doing sacrificed the unity. Treating in turn Charles's work in the various European states, he does not succeed in painting a coherent picture of the Emperor's career as a whole. The book obstinately remains a series of parallel histories of European nations in the sixteenth century, insufficiently linked by a unifying theme, since the natural link, Charles himself, is often submerged beneath the detailed narrative. The general effect is not unlike that of a set of sixteenth-century tapestries, the story difficult to follow from one scene to the next, the hero at times barely distinguishable against the complicated background. It is sad that many years of devoted research and a remarkable knowledge of manuscript as well as secondary sources, should not have produced a more illuminating work. But the chapter on Spanish finances is important as being the first survey in English to take into account the discoveries of the Spanish economic historian Carande, and the magnificent series of forty illustrations, chosen by the author, gives a life to the leading characters which they do not often possess in the text.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Two volumes selected from the writings of Samson Raphael Hirsch, the great Frankfurt Rabbi, have been published by the Soncino Press, *Judaism Eternal* (50s.), translated by Dr. I. Grunfeld. *The London Years* (Anscombe, 25s.) are abridged memoirs of Rudolf Rocker, the non-Jew who devoted himself to the East End Jews.

The Bad Lord Byron

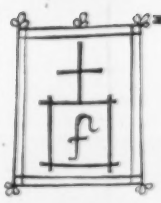
Lord Byron's Marriage. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Routledge.* 30s.

There is a character, the Bad Lord Byron, who has reached the popular consciousness through Sunday newspaper serials and the cinema; and he ranks with the great sexual virtuosi of the world in respect of sheer stamina and also of range and refinement in his perversions. If you take this Byron—he goes in first wicket down in that formidable Regency Vice Eleven—and consult the experts with a view to clarifying the picture, you will be disappointed. They hesitate, they speak in generalities, they contradict each other. And if you grumble, they point to Byron's self-accusations which are often demonstrably false, and to the hopeless tangle of contemporary evidence. They bewail the suppression of vital documents, as the burning, by common consent of Byron's friends and enemies, of the *Memoirs*. They explain how several of the chief witnesses were silenced. Edleston, the pretty chorister, died young. The two other principal boys (not to be confused with the girls who used to dress up as pages for him) were in Greece. Lady Caroline Lamb was half mad. Augusta Leigh's behaviour was so inconsequential throughout the long aftermath of the incest scandal that one inclines to see her as either frantic with guilt or the victim of sustained moral bullying by Lady Byron and her party.

Bad Lord Byron or not, it has been a bad business for the biographers; and the fog lies thickest over his marriage and over the facts behind his wife's desertion of him. One must somehow find a middle course between two impossible extremes—between Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Lady Byron Vindicated* (Stowe of *Uncle Tom's Cabin!*) and the portrait of the injured husband in Hobhouse's *Recollections*. Modern writers have dithered between these two nineteenth-century standpoints and have nearly always shirked the task of starting again at the beginning: that is the *raison d'être* of Mr. Wilson Knight's book, and it is his justification in dealing with unpleasant matters in great detail.

Why did Lady Byron run away? She complained afterwards of Byron's cruelty and his crazy fits, but there was also some specific outrage which caused her to consult friends and doctors and which was the deciding factor. At this point biography has busied itself with incest. Mr. Wilson Knight also spends a lot of time over Byron's relations with his half-sister, and his patient review of the evidence leads him to conclude that, whether or not Byron and Augusta Leigh were guilty (he thinks they were not), the whole question of incest is irrelevant in the sense that it was deliberately worked up by Lady Byron and her advisers to provide a plausible reason for the separation, while at the same time concealing the real reason. And the real reason, Mr. Wilson Knight contends, is that Byron brought his favourite perversion into his marriage and treated his wife physically as a partner in homosexual love. This argument is supported by the two scurrilous *Don Leon* poems which are probably the work of George Colman, a familiar of Byron's in the Drury Lane set during the crucial months when he was living with his wife.

While this is a dexterous and thorough study which carries conviction in its main thesis, I feel Mr. Wilson Knight rests too much weight on the contradiction between Lady Byron's frequent cheerfulness as a new bride and her later statements that her whole life with Byron was a nightmare. That is what often happens after separations, and it becomes all the more understandable if we assume she was too innocent to know what Byron was up to, until her friends told her. Also, Mr. Wilson Knight seems overspecific in his reason for the separation. "There is no vice," said the poor woman, "with which he has not endeavoured to familiarise me." I think that should be read alongside Byron's remark: "a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality"—a very subtle



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JONATHAN CAPE

comment on the nature of cerebral lust. I doubt whether the *Don Leon* poems tell the half of what went on in that marriage.

Mr. Wilson Knight has now published two large books about Byron, both of them crammed with information and original argument. Nobody can fairly call them unimportant (though many will remember the pure gold of *The Wheel of Fire* and wish him once again within pistol-shot of a literary text). Nobody can fail to find many things to please him. Byron's splendid blithe insolence: "I could love anything on earth that appeared to wish it; at the same time I do sometimes like to choose for myself." Or the contemplation of George Colman who held the office of Examiner of Plays and is remembered as the severest guardian of public morals in the history of censorship, while at the same time he was the author of works reeling with indecency from end to end. He was also a dab hand at the heroic couplet:

His faultless form, in Grecian garments cloaked,
Thoughts more than mere benevolence provoked.

JOHN JONES

A Nice Little Aggression

Sultan in Oman. By JAMES MORRIS. *Faber.* 16*s.*

James Morris is a very lucky young journalist who has earned his good fortune by writing a minor literary masterpiece. In December 1955 there fell into the lap of *The Times* another of those *recherché* scoops which set it apart from normal newspapers. Having reoccupied the Buraimi oasis successfully, Sir Anthony Eden decided to risk a *coup de main* in the oil war. Our experts believed that there was a vast new oilfield behind the mountains of Oman, the horn of Arabia which juts out beyond the Persian Gulf. So the Sultan of Muscat (a British *protégé*) was given an army and told to make war against the Imam of Oman (a Saudi-American *protégé*).

Since this campaign was a closely guarded Cabinet secret, it was natural that Mr. Peter Fleming should be told about it and that he should advise Sir William Haley to obtain exclusive coverage for *The Times* and appoint him as its special correspondent. Sir William, however, forgot to mention this to Mr. Morris, his regular correspondent in the area. There was a tense moment when the two men met at Basra airport, until they sensibly decided to divide the job. Mr. Fleming rode with the armies which invaded Oman from the north; and in his exclusive report he could claim that the only shot fired in anger came somewhere near his own Land-Rover. Mr. Morris's role, though less gallant, was ultimately more rewarding. He accompanied the Sultan on a unique "motorcade" right across his domains. Starting from Dhufar in the extreme south, the Sultan's Dodges were the first vehicles to cross the "gravel desert"; and, after a visit to the potential oilfield at Fahud, they reached the capital of Oman at the precise moment when the Imam had fled and the Sultan could accept the surrender of the tribesmen. When the news broke there was elation in Downing Street. But alas! The Fahud oil remains a desert mirage, and this desert victory was in vain.

Mr. Morris describes this episode with the elegant irony which we have come to expect in the silver age of British arabism. He is too sensible to take the whole thing very seriously, or to defend an indirect colonialism which he sees to be a hopelessly outdated method of securing our oil. But he does not condemn it either. Instead, he achieves a pleasurable compromise. He provides the Left with all the facts it requires to prove its anti-imperialist case, but presents them with an air of imperial nostalgia which will make his book acceptable to any Suez Rebel.

> If there is a flavour of the 1920s, an aroma of open cockpits, Rolls-Royce armoured cars, proconsuls and spheres of influence, it is because our adventure was one of the last of a line, a late flourish of Britain in Arabia. The flag that flew above us was the red flag of Muscat; but the ghosts of Curzon and Gertrude Bell rode with us approvingly.

Sultan in Oman manages to be both an elegant trifle and an important book. Though he passed through parts of Arabia which are virtually unexplored, Mr. Morris saw little and has to pad out a thin report with reflections on the oil war and Anglo-Arab relations. Nevertheless, this travelogue passes the one test that matters; it sticks in the mind. The country is painted with bravado—particularly the misty plain of Dufar, the only part of Arabia watered by the monsoon—and all the main characters, including the Sultan himself, are deftly sketched. It will be a nice bedside book for all the Sultan's guests; and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd will be able to keep it as a memento of the nice little act of aggression which succeeded to perfection.

Here, indeed, is the point where a charming anecdote becomes historically important. Mr. Morris makes it clear that the legal basis of the Sultan's claim to Oman was very dubious; the war was launched in order to restore British prestige and enlarge the British controlled area so as to include Fahud in it. It is noteworthy that all this took place a few weeks before Sir Anthony visited the White House in January, 1956, and devoted most of his talks with the President to the Middle East. Can it be that he and Mr. Lloyd were completely misled by the passivity of the President in face of this rout of the Saudi-American forces by the Anglo-Arabs? Sir Anthony must have been tickled to death by the success of his first gamble, and very much relieved that Ike took his losses so quietly. After this, it was easy to assume that the President would tolerate a second, rather larger British aggression, provided it was bloodless and successful. If the redoubtable Imam of Oman could be toppled by a display of force, why not Colonel Nasser, who was no bedouin but only an Egyptian? One of the unexplained puzzles of the Suez affair is how on earth Sir Anthony could have assumed American complicity. Perhaps Mr. Morris has given us part of the solution.

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Thalassa

The Open Sea. By ALISTER HARDY. *Collins.* 30*s.*

The Sea Around Us. By RACHEL CARSON. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is rare to be able to agree with the excited recommendation of a publisher or editor, but Professor Hardy's book disarms the reactive inhibition evoked by the fulsome blurb. *The Open Sea* is a product of expert knowledge, enthusiasm, lucidity—and skill as a painter; for the book is illustrated, not only with twenty-four excellent monochrome plates and many line drawings, but also with twenty-four plates in colour, from paintings of sea beasts by the author. The colourful nature of some of the less accessible species, such as the scarlet (though uncooked) crustaceans from the great ocean depths, is as surprising as the bizarre forms taken by abyssal fishes: the latter include some shaped like lengths of ribbon, some with plant-like bushy growths depending from the lower jaw and many with elaborate luminescent organs and lures.

This is the first of two volumes, and is concerned largely with the plankton, the plants and animals which float, or swim only feebly, most of them near the surface, at the mercy of tide, wind and current. "Given suitable conditions," writes Professor Hardy, "the amount of plant life produced under a given area of sea may well exceed that produced for the same area in a tropical forest." This soup of microscopic green organisms is the food of vast numbers of small animals: not only of creatures like shrimps and small fishes, but also of the motile larvae of animals which are sessile or sluggish as adults—sea-squirts, urchins, tube-living worms and many others. The small animals provide in turn food for larger ones, herrings for instance; even the whalebone whales, among which are the largest animal species that have ever existed, grow to their giant size on a diet

largely of shrimp-like creatures. These are the facts that give the study of plankton its economic importance: knowledge of the distribution of the obscure arrow worms of British waters can provide information of value to our herring fleet. The account of fisheries research, to which Professor Hardy has himself made a great contribution, gives him an opportunity to illustrate several facets of the scientific method: from the elaborate gadgets needed to study the numbers and distribution (both vertical and horizontal) of planktonic species, to the form which evidence must take if it is to lead to valid conclusions.

But *The Open Sea* is primarily an account of the marine animals of British waters studied for their own sake. There are detailed instructions for the amateur planktologist with his rowing boat and Thermos flask (or preferably two—both for specimens only). Several of the main groups of invertebrate animals are discussed systematically, and in enough detail to help an honours student in zoology. The chapters, for example, on the jelly-fish and their relatives, not only introduce the reader to many unfamiliar forms, but delve into the question of their evolutionary relationships—a subject which has provided imaginative zoologists with a most satisfying field for speculation. Apart from the systematic chapters, there are others on special topics, such as animal light and life in the depths of the abyss.

Dr. Carson's book covers some of the same area as Professor Hardy's, but is concerned more with the sea itself, its currents, tidal waves, terrors and beauties, rather less with its living inhabitants. The Pelican version, like the original edition, is unillustrated, but is written with such grace and elegance that this handicap is quite overcome. Dr. Carson, as Editor in Chief of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, is one of the few scientists employed wholly on the task of conveying scientific information. And how well she does it! *The Sea Around Us* could well be read for the information it contains, much of which is complementary to that in *The Open Sea*; but it will certainly be read by most for sheer pleasure.

Those dreary, uncommunicative, uncouth, illiterate scientists one hears of no doubt exist. But neither Professor Hardy nor Dr. Carson is one of them.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Shorter Reviews

Rhyme and Reason. By H. S. MACKINTOSH. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vers de société has had a respectable history since at least the first century A.D. and is one of the minor fruits of the civilised life. That conditions may not be altogether favourable for it just now does not seriously perturb Mr. H. S. Mackintosh, who thinks of himself as of the company of Squire, Belloc and Chesterton—a claim scarcely worth denying. These well-turned ballades and villanelles are, as one would expect, concerned with wine, ale, cheese, pretty young women, the follies of scientists and socialists, and the consolations of growing old. There are complimentary verses to writers, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Alan Herbert.

The author reveals himself as a genuinely modest, decently Anglican, inoffensively reactionary, mildly bibulous and mildly amorous *bon viveur*, less dogmatic than Belloc, less trenchant than Betjeman. His verses are technically accomplished, and only embarrass when they become sentimental. As the occasional newspaper contributions they originally were, they are entertaining enough; in bulk they verge on the monotonous. Mr. Mackintosh's idiom is generally fairly good, but in the line "In Yankee parlance *I'm* 'a piece of cake'" he seems to use the expression in the opposite sense to that intended when it was coined, not by Yankees, but by the R.A.F. The book is charmingly produced, and it is a reflection on the times, but not on the author, that verse like this should be so published while that of serious younger poets comes out obscurely in inaccessible pamphlets.

J. R.

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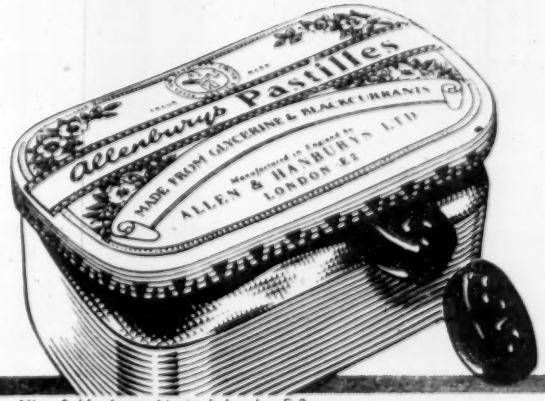

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Looking at China. By PAUL HOGARTH. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is the book of the drawings Paul Hogarth exhibited last year at the Leicester Galleries, with some more added, and the text of a casual journal that he kept on his journey. On me it has had the same effect as weekly letters and sketchbooks sent to me personally by the artist might have had. It has that kind of personal vividness and warmth. "Going behind, I observed the white-red molten steel being poured like milk into huge crucibles . . . a worker pulled off his eye-glasses and you were at once surprised that he was Chinese. Whoever thought of China having heavy industrial workers?" Made a portrait of him—a fine fellow with black intelligent eyes. His name was Shan Yuang-jui . . . and his ambition was to possess a Czech motor-bike." This isn't The Truth about China which the leader-writers want to compress into one paragraph. It is one of the millionth parts of China, and the rare gift of an observer like Hogarth is that he can respond so sharply in his drawings to the detail of one face or one scene, whilst his immense energy and journalist's determination to cover as much as possible makes his testimony add up to something general without any pompous generalisations. This is easily Hogarth's most valuable assignment to date. The drawings, as usual, reproduce extremely well, some of them looking better on a page than in a frame.

J. B.

The Last Days of Hitler. Third Edition. By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Mr. Trevor-Roper continues to serve his readers well. The third edition again brings this incomparable book up to date. It contains the original text of 1947, unchanged except for a few footnotes; much of the introduction to the second edition, describing how the investigation was conducted; and thirty pages which appear for the first time. These make an important and valuable addition. They deal principally with the evidence of men from the bunker who have recently returned from captivity in Russia. Nothing emerges to shake the original findings, but two questions can now be further considered which were puzzling earlier. They are: what happened to Bormann? And what happened to the ashes of Hitler and Eva Braun? The first is still a mystery; the second is carried almost to the point of solution. This in turn raises another question: why did the Russians make out that Hitler was alive when they had decisive proof (including his corpse) that he was dead? Mr. Trevor-Roper discusses all three problems with his accustomed mastery. The verdict on the earlier edition can stand unchanged! "No words of praise are too strong for it."

A. J. P. T.

The London Magazine

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,405

Set by L. Clarendon

And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

said Shakespeare. Competitors are invited to compose a verse (not necessarily woeful, and in any metre); limit 14 lines, to the eyebrow of any well-known present-day figure. Entries by February 12.

Result of No. 1,402

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited to produce a verse translation of this poem by Gérard de Nerval:

En voyage, on s'arrête, on descend de voiture;
Puis entre deux maisons on passe à l'aventure,
Des chevaux, de la route et des fouets étourdi,
L'oeil fatigué de voir et le corps engourdi.

Et voici tout à coup, silencieuse et verte,
Une vallée humide et de lilas couverte,
Un ruisseau qui murmure entre les peupliers,
Et la route et le bruit sont bien vite oubliés!

On se couche dans l'herbe et l'on s'écoute vivre,
De l'odeur du foin vert à loisir on s'enivre,
Et sans penser à rien on regarde les cieux . . .
Hélas! une voix crie: "En voiture, messieurs!"

Report

In a gratifyingly large entry a surprising number of competitors slipped up in their translation of the third line of de Nerval's poem, making the horses, not the traveller, weary of whips and road. I had to discard, too, a number of otherwise excellent renderings which were marred by a single fault in scansion or an unfortunate phrase. Next went out most of the attempts at a modern rendering; spirited though some of these were; P. A. T. O'Donnell and Little Billee made amusing use of "charas," and there was Anthrax's uninhibited cyclist:

On a cycle-trip they call a halt and I park the bloody tandem
And in and round the bungalows go swanning off at random.

But *Le Relais* is too gentle a poem for such a harsh metamorphosis. Good entries which just failed to make the final short list came from Hilary Corke, Adrienne Gascoigne, Alberick and Elizabeth McCann. An awkwardness in Broch's first verse let down a charming version, while Norman Page (another good entry) simplified his task by extending each stanza to six lines; and D. E. Burbidge's amusing female travellers ("at one with Nature, dear") wandered too far from their coach.

P. M. seems to me to have successfully combined the sense, atmosphere and rhyming pattern of the original; she deserves two guineas. Four guineas between D. L. L. Clarke, J. E. Cunningham and Esmé Kelly (the best of the "moderns"). Commended: G. J. Blundell, Beatrice Allen, Mrs. Benn Moston, Allan M. Laing, Stanley J. Sharpless, Leslie Johnson and John Rhys.

One breaks the journey sometimes on a trip,
And dazed by din of wheel and hoof and whip,
Stiff and eye-weary, thankfully descends,
To go exploring where some short lane ends.

And there at hand, a valley—green and cool,
Offers its peace,—tall poplars by a pool,
A purling stream, the hedge with lilac gay . . .
And travel and the road seem far away.

One lies on grass, half-swooning in the sweet
Hay scent of it, and hears one's own heart beat,
Thinking of nothing, staring at the sky . . .
"Time to be moving" comes the unwelcome cry.

P. M.

The coach stops on a journey, you alight.
Then wander off between two houses, quite
Deaf from the din of tracehorse, whip and wheel,
Eyes strained from focusing, too numb to feel.

Suddenly, green and peaceful, comes to view
A lilac-mantled valley, fresh with dew,
Between whose poplars frisks a whispering stream,
The noisy road's forgotten like a dream.

Stretched on the grass without a thought you lie,
Hearing the pulse of life; you scan the sky,
Drunk with the scent of hay still green, at ease . . .
Too soon a voice shouts, "Take your seats now, please!"

D. L. L. CLARKE

Leaving the carriage taken for the day,
Between two houses make your careless way;
Confused by hoof-beats, whip-cracks and the road,
Tired eyes a-stare, body a weary load.

And there, upon a sudden, still and green,
A fresh and lilac-smothered vale is seen:
Softly, between the poplars, waters sing—
Forgotten soon your noisy wayfaring!

Sprawled in the grass you hear your heart's slow play,
Lazily drink the heady, new-mown hay;
Empty of thought you watch the sky:
and then,
Alas! a voice: "The carriage, gentlemen!"

J. E. CUNNINGHAM

On this oliday coach, like, was me and my pal
We kep beltin along their Route Nashyional,
Fair chokka! The din, and yer backside that numb,
And this sight-seein lark, well, its alright for some . . .

Well. These ouses we stop at. Like an alley between
We nip down, see, and Cor! At the end was all green!
Them tall skimpy trees on each side of a brook,
Not arf quiet! And them lilacs wherever you look

It smelt lovely, real fresh, and we ain't said a dick
Just kerflopped on the grass . . you could ear yerself tick!
Not a thought in yer ead, starin up at the light
Feeling soppy and appy just like we was tight.

The perishing trip all forgotten and gorn . . .
Till that bastard the guide started tootin is orn.

ESMÉ KELLY

City Lights

In the Mood

When the bank chairmen start arguing in favour of lower interest rates (some because high rates don't work, some because they work too well), it is no surprise to find the rest of the City pitching orthodoxy overboard. It has done its best to get the bank rate down—it is moving on now to the idea of an "incentive" budget in April. Whatever Mr. Thorneycroft thinks of the suggestion, it is significant enough that a solid chunk of respectable opinion wishes him to adopt it at this particular moment. The government is already hinting pretty broadly that it will be no easier to find cuts in civil expenditure next year than it has been in the past and that the saving to be produced from a re-arrangement of the defence programme will be available for other purposes in 1958 (or, better still, 1959?) rather than in 1957. At the same time, it looks

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When David died, I was left with only a small pension to provide for two young children—and there was still a mortgage of £1,500 on the house.

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as if this year's budget surplus is going to be considerably smaller than was originally hoped.

There is certainly nothing in the post-war record of budget estimates and outturns to suggest that it is yet practicable to match taxation to the state of the economy. This year's estimates look like being as far off the target as usual, exaggerating sharply both the deficit on capital and the surplus on current account. The restrictions on capital expenditure by local authorities and the nationalised industries have kept Exchequer payments (for this year, at any rate) much below what was expected. Ordinary government expenditure is running well ahead of the estimates: the last budget's bait to savers caused a large number of people to switch from the old to the new saving certificates, drawing their accrued interest as they did so, and defence costs—the only other major item in the bill which has been separately recorded—have been swollen not only by Suez and German hard-headedness over support payments but by the need to make up last year's backing of deliveries.

* * *

A bid of £1.05m has been put in for the capital of Austin & Pickersgill, the Sunderland shipbuilders and repairers: in exchange, the bidder gets net assets of £1.3m, including—if any reliance can still be placed on the last balance-sheet—cash of over £700,000 and quoted investments worth £470,000. The company has a major development scheme in hand for one of its yards which will make it among the most up to date in the country, and it looks as if the bidder is getting control of a shipyard (a valuable asset when order-books are so full) pretty cheaply.

The bidder in this case is a syndicate: Lambert Brothers, the shipbrokers, Philip Hill, the finance house, and London & Overseas Freighters. The last two worked together profitably a short time ago in setting up a Bermudan-registered subsidiary: on that occasion, Philip Hill sold its half portion to an investment trust (the shares of which rose remarkably sharply) and it will be interesting to see if it does the same again. It is interesting, too, to speculate how this deal fits in with Mr. Mavroleon's plans for London & Overseas. He already has tankers, a finance house and a Bermudan subsidiary. Mr. Clore has all these and a shipyard of his own as well—a shipyard of which Mr. Mavroleon has been making profitable use.

* * *

The bid for Lyle & Scott, a hosiery and knitwear firm at Hawick, is causing a good deal more heart-burning. Mr. Oliver, the chairman, and Mr. Crawford, the local secretary of the General and Municipal Workers, have sent off joint telegrams to all Scottish M.P.s, the Secretary of State, the President of the Board of Trade and the TUC urging them to oppose it. Some time ago a group of unknown bidders put in an offer of £600,000 for the company; to this, a majority of the directors were opposed. Now a group of eight investment trusts with shares in the company have called a meeting and propose to sack the chairman, his son and the deputy chairman from the board. The proposed new chairman is Mr. Hugh Fraser, of House of Fraser, who has had previous experience of this kind of transaction.

He may have trouble this time. The sitting chairman claims that the eight companies acquired shares only on the understanding that if they wished to sell they would give other shareholders first choice, and states that the company has taken steps to "ensure that shareholders' interests are preserved." The steps presumably include legal action. In the meantime, he has sent off the batch of telegrams, stating that "the workers, who have helped to build record home and overseas sales and who own nearly 40 per cent. of the Ordinary capital, share our abhorrence of this secret bidding which disregards loyalty and interests of 900 workers and imperils their prosperity."

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 377. Inspiration and Perspiration

I know that the headline should be reversed if I meant to give the proverbial definition for genius, but I hope that some valiant contributors to this "Readers' Own" piece will not resent my emphasis on inspiration. Certainly C. Sandberg was inspired by our recent Villeneuve study (Dec. 8) for a most interesting analysis of an amended variation. White to win in this position: 4Q3 8 7p 3K4 7B 1kb5 p7 8.

(1) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B7 (forced); (2) Q-K2 ch, K-Kt6! (K-Kt8?); (3) Q-B4 ch, K-Kt7; (4) B-K1!, B-R1! (B x B?); (5) Q-Kt4 ch, K-B7 (best); (6) K-B4!, P - Q5 (7) Q-Q2 ch, K-Kt8; (8) Q-Q3 ch, K-Kt7; (9) B-B3 ch, B x B; (10) Q x B ch, K-Kt1; (11) Q-Q3 ch, K-B8; (12) Q-B1 ch, K-Kt7; (13) Q-K2 ch, K-B8; (14) Q-K1 ch, K-Kt7; (15) Q-Q2 ch, K-Kt8; (16) K-Kt5, etc.

Inspired by the recent piece on From's Gambit, A. J. Roycroft sent me a game he won in an Irish University Championship.

(1) P-KB4, P-K4; (2) P x P, P-Q3; (3) P x P, B x P, (4) Kt-KB3, B-KKt5; (5) P-K3, Kt-KB3; (6) Kt-QB3, QKt-Q2; (7) Kt-QKt5, B-K2; (8) B-K2, P-B3; (9) Kt-B3, Q-B2; (10) Kt-Q4, P-KR4; (11) P-KR3, 0-0-0! (Q-Kt6 ch?); (12) P x B, P x P; (13) R-B1, Q-Kt6 ch; (14) R-B2, R-R8 ch; (15) B-B1, P-KKt3; (16) Kt(4)-K2, Q-R5; (17) P-Q4, Kt-B4; (18) P-KKt3, Q-R6; (19) R-B4, Kt-R4; (20) R x BP, Kt x KtP; (21) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt ch; (22) K-Q2, R x P ch; (23) P x R, B-Kt4 ch; (24) K-K2, R-R7 ch, etc.

Another well-deserved chess book token goes to a French reader, H. Catozzi, who won this pretty little game in a Paris match.

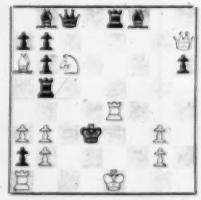
(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-QB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-K4; (4) P x QP, BP x P; (5) Kt-KB3, P-K5; (6) Kt-K5, Q-R4; (7) P-KB4, B-QKt5; (8) B-Q2, B-K3; (9) B-Kt5 ch, K-K2; (10) Q-Kt1, P-B3; (11) Kt x P ch!, B x Kt; (12) B x B ch, K-K3; (13) Q x B ch, K x Q; (14) B-B4, mate.

Finally, here is an ending which (not quite without his opponent's assistance, but in spite of being 2 pawns down) that steady ladder-climber A. J. Head managed to save in a correspondence game.

7k 1p5p p5p1 P2p2P1 3P1r2 8 3R3K 8/.

(1) K-Kt3, R-B2? (R-B8!); (2) R-QB2, K-Kt2; (3) R-B8, R-Q2; (4) K-B4, R-K2; (5) K-B3, K-B2; (6) R-Q8, K-K3; (7) K-K4, R-Q2; (8) R-KB8, K-K2; (9) R-B6, R-Q3; (10) R-B3, R-K3; (11) R-KR3, R-K5 ch; (12) K-B3, R x P; (13) R x P ch, K-Q3; (14) R x P, K-B4; (15) R-QR7, K x P; (16) R x P, R-QR5; (17) R-R8, R-R6 ch; (18) K-K2, P-Q5; (19) P-R6, K-K5; (20) P-R7, P-Kt4; (21) K-Q2, K-Kt6; (22) R-KKt8, R x P; (23) R x P ch, K-B5; (24) R-Q5, K-K5; (25) R-KR5, R-R7 ch; (26) K-K1, K-Q6; (27) R-R3 ch, K-B5; (28) K-Q1, R-QKt7; (29) R-KB3, P-K6; (30) R-B8, draw.

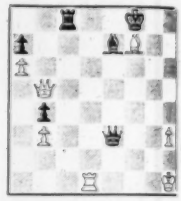
A: C. G. Hilton 1957



In a competition as completely home-made as it should be in a R.O. week, the 4-pointer, though a mere mate in 1, may be too difficult for beginners, but for the helpful hint that what matters is to prove why 0-0-0 is *not* the proper key. **B** (for 6 ladder-points) was inspired by our recent Hasek study (Dec. 15) and dedicated to the *N.S. & N.* It's a win for White, just like **C** which is hardly a bargain for 7 points; it is quite a beauty, though, and it contains an equally pretty "temptation" which merely draws. Usual prizes. Entries by February 11.

B: G. S. Fisher 1957

C: H. G. Schenk & P. F. Copping 1956



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 374. Set January 12

A: (1) R x RP ch, K x R, (2) R x P ch, R x R, (3) Q x P ch, etc. B: (1) B-K8, P-R6, (2) B x P, P x B, (3) P-R7, P-R7, (4) P=B etc. If (2) . . . P-R7, (3) B-B7 ch, K-Kt7, (4) B x P, K x B, (5) P-Kt6, etc.

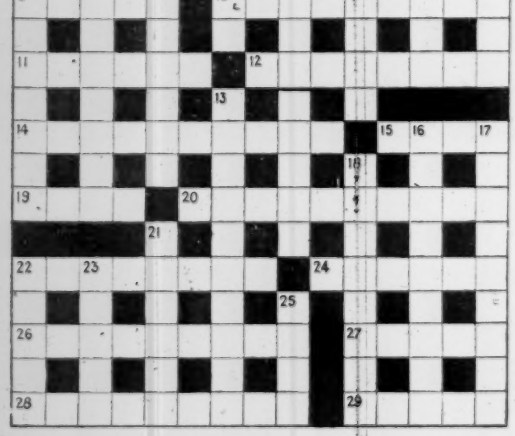
C: (1) K-Q4, P-Q3, (2) K-B3! P-Q4, (3) K-Q4, P-Kt5, (4) K x P!, P-Kt6, (5) K-B6, K-Kt1 (forced), (6) K-Kt6!, P-Kt7, (7) P-R7 ch, K-R1, (8) K-R6! etc.

Surprisingly many competitors overlooked the finesse of the B-promotion in **B**. Even so a lot of flawless solutions. Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. G. Hilton, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 236

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 236, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 12.



ACROSS

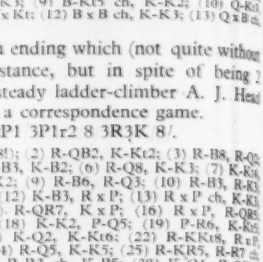
1. Sayings featured in Nordic tales (5).
4. People boycott a place where beer is obtainable (6, 3).
9. "A ——— of rich distill'd perfumes" (Milton) (5).
10. Rash Scots wandering about in mountainous country (9).
11. Fly about all right here (6).
12. Hints for potential kings with nothing backward in them (8).
14. Can I back before the parson? It is not correct (10).
15. Employer among the ragged trousered philanthropists (4).
19. "That reverend vice, that ——— iniquity" (*K. Henry IV, Pt. 1*) (4).
20. It is beyond dispute, but the idea and topic are at first confused (10).
22. For one of these experts you must reverse the poor start and transform the rest (8).
24. Dickensian character in the midst of the inhabitants (6).
26. Competing with a draw in boxing (9).
27. A pointed arch with nothing to offer (5).
28. Tries to get orders for paintings? (9).
29. Action for a film hero (5).

DOWN

1. Refusing to acknowledge one who is a pig in eating (9).
2. The ballet to put a restraint on the partner (9).
3. Calendars showing a tin upset in charity (8).
4. If the favourites were to give up it would be a slight advance (4).
5. Detective to contemplate absent-mindedness (5, 5).
6. Batsman at the wicket without a partner? (6).
7. Literary man for a graduate to study (5).
8. "The raptures and —— of vice". (Swinburne) (5).
13. A poet it is appropriate to become inverse (10).
16. Give the story in a stamped addressed envelope for the dependant (9).
17. Judges musical instruments (9).
18. Something to burn if those dismissed are about to go courting (8).
21. Girl who appears upside down at the end of theatrical performances (6).
22. Coin named after a sovereign (5).
23. The politician to be on the wagon (5).
25. In the street these times would be wisest (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 234



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 234

W. Hite (Carlisle), W. C. Potts (Scarborough), Miss O. Scholes (St. Mawes).

Company Meetings

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

Satisfactory Results

The annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Ltd., will be held on February 20 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the chairman, Mr. Richard F. Summers, for the 52 weeks ended September 29, 1956.

There is one item in the Balance Sheet to which I should like to refer, and that is the net surplus available for distribution of £2,759,244. When comparing this with last year's figure of £2,856,743 there are a number of factors which must be taken into account. Firstly, the increased depreciation required to cover those items of plant and equipment which came into operation during the year under review. Secondly, the effect that the ban on overtime by the Craft Unions had on our production figures and on the efficiency of our operations, and thirdly, the increased costs that we had to bear in wages, transport and fuel, which were not covered by the increase in prices fixed by the Iron and Steel Board in May. Taking these factors into consideration I think we can consider the results as satisfactory, and as an indication of what we can expect from our expansion programme. We are recommending the same dividend as last year.

Progress of Development Schemes

During the year two of the last large units of the second part of the post war development scheme came into production, and we expect that in the next few months the whole of this part of the scheme will be completed.

Since the end of the craftsmen's ban on overtime practically every department at Shotton has created new output records, and we were hoping that the current year would show a still further improvement, but a new uncertainty has been introduced by the difficulties in the Middle East. So far I am glad to say that we have not been seriously affected by the rationing of oil and petrol, as satisfactory arrangements had been made to substitute home produced fuel in place of imported fuel oil, but we have yet to learn what effect the reduction in supplies may have on some of our customers, and how far deliveries by road will have to be curtailed.

Demand

During the past year demand remained at a high level, and in many instances we were unable, in spite of higher production, to supply all our customers' needs. There were signs towards the end of the financial year that the restrictions on hire purchase and the credit squeeze were adversely affecting a number of our consumers. The position was further complicated by the fact that there were still substantial quantities of sheets being imported by some of the consuming industries under contracts placed before the slowing up in home consumption. These imports in 1956 amounted to approximately 200,000 tons with the result that at the moment we are faced with the fact that the stocks of sheets in the hands of consumers are substantially above normal. It may be, as sometimes happens, that during the period of acute shortage the estimates of the requirements were somewhat exaggerated. This increase in stocks and the fall in demand seems likely to suggest that the most difficult period might lie immediately ahead.

So far as this Company is concerned we are not unduly worried about our ability to keep our plants working somewhere near their maximum capacity because, as I have said on a number of occasions, we have always tried to treat all our customers fairly, to maintain our quality and technical services, and to sell our product in the widest possible field, so that we do not become too dependent on any one industry. I think it is apparent that this established policy is standing us in good stead now that the pressure of demand is not quite so great. A further factor that is going to help us is that the Board of Trade, as a result of representations by the industry, has agreed that there shall be somewhat greater flexibility in the licensing of exports of sheets.

Once more I should like to refer to the fact that we have been pioneers in this country of the continuous galvanising of steel strip, and the application of zinc and other metals by the electrolytic process. These coated sheets, sold under such names as Galvatite, Zintec, Nitec, etc., possess for some uses many advantages over uncoated sheets. We are firmly convinced that there is a great future for the steel sheet coated with various materials, and that there is much scope for development in this direction. We have carried out a good deal of research into the matter, and before long we hope to be in a position to have a new product to offer, which we feel will again widen the field in which we can be of service to our customers.

Production Figures

In the past I have refrained from quoting any figures of production, as these can in certain instances be somewhat misleading, especially during a period when large schemes of alterations and additions are in progress. I feel now, however, that perhaps I might quote some figures which may be of interest to shareholders. Below I give the totals for the year under review of the main items for the Shotton and Shelton works combined:—

	Tons
Coke	1,078,000
Pig Iron	855,000
Steel Ingots	1,209,000

Future Outlook

The recession in demand to which I have already referred does of course bring up the question of the future policy, not only for this Company, but for the industry as a whole. There have been many statements made as to the likely total future demand for steel in this country; the question now is whether these are in fact reliable both as to the total quantity and the dates by which such quantities will be required. I have said on previous occasions that the demand for sheets is bound to increase throughout the world so long as the standard of living is on the upgrade, because such a large quantity of sheet steel is used by the industries providing articles which make life easier and more pleasant. But these are the very articles which are largely controlled by political and economic expediencies; if the balance of payments is going the wrong way, one of the corrective measures is to control the consumption of consumer goods in the home market, either by the tightening up of hire purchase arrangements, by a higher purchase tax, or by the credit squeeze, or by a combination of all three. Nevertheless, I think it is safe to assume that these set-backs, by their very nature, must be of a temporary character, and that the rise in the standard of living throughout the world will continue. My personal view is that the happenings of the last twelve months have shown that the original estimate of the speed at which this expansion will take place has been exaggerated, and whereas I think that the ultimate figures of demand that have been mentioned may very well be achieved, I would expect to see the achievement come somewhat later than it was originally thought would be the case. If this assumption is correct, it could turn out as a blessing in disguise, as I think there has always been some doubt as to whether in fact it would have been possible for the industry to have reached the output envisaged in the comparatively short time available. It must be remembered that the engineering trade, on which we have to rely for a very large part of this expansion, is still very heavily committed in many directions other than steel.

When assessing the outlook for the sheet industry, the fact must not be overlooked that during the peak year of consumption (1955) imports amounted to no less than 457,000 tons, and a considerable tonnage was still being produced on the old-fashioned hand mills. These facts I think should enable one to view in its proper perspective the effect that the present falling off in demand for sheets is likely to have on the output of the strip mills. We have in no way altered our views on the desirability of increasing the production at Shotton. We still look upon this as fully justified, and in fact vitally important from the national point of view. The scheme is now well in hand, but unfortunately I am afraid it is going to take rather longer to complete than we had originally hoped. We are, however, doing all we can to speed up progress, and the present temporary slackening in demand has not lessened our anxiety to get it finished at the earliest possible moment, as it is obviously desirable that the importation of sheets at considerably higher prices than those prevailing at home should be avoided.

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & Co.

(Worsted Spinners)

Strong Demand Despite Difficulties

The 37th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited, was held on January 24 in Bradford, The Right Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, P.C., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following are extracts from his circulated statement:

The net profit of the group for the year after taxation is £345,309 compared with £177,969 for the previous year.

Group Current Assets exceed Current Liabilities and Dividend by £3,931,587, and the Group Revenue Reserves amount to £1,443,175.

During the year there has been much variation in wool prices. Since the middle of March there has been a continuous rise, caused in the main by the Australian Dock Strike, and also by the threatened cancellation of wool auctions owing to the shearers' strike in the Brisbane area. There were other minor disputes in Australia which led to shipping doubts and finally came the Suez crisis, with all its attendant uncertainties which are still with us.

Despite these difficulties the demand for our products throughout the year has been strong. At all our factories we have worked full hours and at many of them overtime and evening shifts were possible, and this is continuing. Our customers report very good orders from America for this Autumn Season.

Our subsidiary company John Smith (Field Head), Limited, has this year made a valuable contribution to our results.

Work has continued on the extension of our James Tankard branch as part of the scheme of re-organisation there.

As to the future, our Order Book is as full as we could wish and we can certainly see full work ahead for a longer period than twelve months ago. In these circumstances I think we can confidently look forward to a good year.

The report was adopted and the total distribution of 10 per cent was approved.

South Africa

(Serving the Rhodesias and Nyasaland

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FOUR NEW "CITIES" NOW IN SERVICE

"City of Port Elizabeth"
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These ships represent a notable advance in design, amenities, and perfection of detail. Superb accommodation for 100 passengers

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Staff Tutor in Secondary Education. The Institute proposes to appoint an additional Staff Tutor whose main work will be with serving teachers. Experience in some branch of secondary education, preferably with the 11 to 15 age group, is essential, and an interest in the education, in or out of school, of the 15 to 18 age range will be a recommendation. The man or woman appointed will be one of a team of nine Staff Tutors working together to provide courses for serving teachers in the general education of pupils of primary and secondary age, in the arts in education and in the education of handicapped children. Staff Tutors are lecturers, but they are accorded a full measure of responsibility in planning and organising developments in their special fields. The person appointed will be required to take up duty at the beginning of the Academic Year, 1957-58. The salary will be within the range of £650 × £50 to £1,350 with family allowances and membership of F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom ten copies of applications, including the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than February 9, 1957. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in Russian Language and Literature on salary scale £750 × £50—£1,000 (bar) × £50—£1,400. Superannuation and family allowance. Preference will be given to candidates qualified to lecture on early Russian literature. Applications in five copies, with two testimonials and names of two referees, should be sent to The Secretary, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1, by March 1, 1957.

GRANADA T.V. Network, Ltd., seeks Assistant to an Executive Producer. Must be energetic young man with creative and administrative ability and show business background—not necessarily in Television. Post offers good opportunities in an expanding business. Write giving full particulars to Managing Director, 36, Golden Sq., W.1.

LONDON County Council. Garratt Green School, Trinity Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18, and Tranmere Road, Earlsfield, S.W.18. Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 girls to open in September, 1957, in the existing Honeywell and Earlsfield Secondary School buildings. Roll expected to be 1,000 in September, 1957, rising to 1,400 in September, 1958, with eventual increase to 2,000. In 1959, school will move into new building at Burntwood Lane. Head teacher allowance expected to be approximately £1,240, making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances, and three-sevenths equal pay addition, about £2,240. School will recruit from the whole range of ability, and will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for special courses in catering, nursing, commerce and biology and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility, and full-time senior administrative officer, with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Garratt) (Form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable, with further particulars from Education Officer, EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date February 8, 1957. (137).

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Rendcomb College, near Cirencester. A resident master is required in September to teach Latin, mainly to "O" level, with some English, and to coach cricket or hockey. Opportunity for House tutorship. While a man with public school or grammar school experience is sought, applications will also be considered from men with good experience of teaching scholarship Latin in a preparatory school. Full Burnham Scale with certain resident additions. This post carries a special allowance. Government pension scheme. Apply Headmaster.

FAMILY Planning Association. Administrative Assistant required with executive experience; ability to deal with varied correspondence, draft memoranda, pamphlets, etc.; social service background; shorthand/typing an advantage. Salary £500/£700 according to qualifications, 5-day week. Full partics. to 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

ORGANISER of Youth Services required for work in a division of the Council's local education administration. Salary £775 10s. × £35 5s.—£987. Applic. forms with full details, from Education Officer (EO Estab.2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by Feb. 15, 1957.

ASSISTANT Housemother, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £28 6s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TEACHERS for British Columbia.—The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia in September, 1957. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification applicants must hold a recognised University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General for British Columbia, 1-3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

LONDON County Council. Malory School, Launcelot Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 1,650 boys and girls expected to open in 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1957. Burnham Group 22 based on estimated unit total of 3.125 for 1962. School will recruit from the whole range of ability and will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for special courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress, with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Malory) (Form TS10.B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable with further particulars from The Education Officer EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date February 8, 1957. (138).

SHEFFIELD. Assistant Solicitor required for busy and expanding firm; applicants should preferably have had some Conveyancing and Probate experience since admission and be confident of acting generally with little supervision; gd. commencing sal. offered with prospects of partnership. Box 104.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. National Whitley Council Salary Scale, plus London Weighting. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and the names of three referees to the Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital, for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre- and after-care in the Community Care Service, reqd. initially in East Central Division, Finchley, Hendon, Southgate, etc. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Must possess M.H. Cert. of the L.S.E. or Cert. for P.S.W.s of Universities of Manchester or Edinburgh. Position offers scope & interest in this field of Psychiatric Social work. Salary as P.T.A. Circ. 33. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply, stating age, quals., experience & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. "S.S." 3, 5, & 7 Old Queen St., S.W.1, by Feb. 9 (Quote U.464 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

PART-time worker (f.) to assist Almoner at Nature Cure Clinic, 13 Oldbury Pl., W.1. WEL. 2787. Vegetarian essen.

CITY of Birmingham Public Health Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified social workers who are interested in developing a case-work service with problem and other families designed to prevent their break-up, and to rehabilitate them within the community. Salary: A.P.T. II. (£629 17s. 6d.-£711 17s. 6d.); Medical examination, Superannuation scheme. Applications, with two references, to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, from whom further particulars can also be obtained, within two weeks of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy on our Organising Staff, Northern England. Initiative and good personality essential; T.U. background an asset. Commencing salary in the region of £600 p.a., according to qualifications. Write for application form: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

ORGANISER for Gloucester, Somerset, Wilts, etc. area, centre Bristol. Must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £550 rising by £25 to £650 per annum. Four weeks' annual holiday. Superannuation scheme. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry.

YOUNG shorthand-typist required for interesting work with educational organisation. Box 110.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). Assistant Experimental Officer (female) required as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology Department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £455 (age 21)-£592 (age 26 or over on entry)-£755, with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 57/2.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation (London headquarters) offers position as Translator/Interpreter/Reporter. Permanent post with non-contributory superannuation scheme. Three weeks annual paid holiday. Applicants, whose mother-tongue should be English, must be able to translate and interpret from French, German and one or more Scandinavian languages. Should also be capable of producing reports and minutes of meetings. Previous trade union experience an asset. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous experience and salary required, together with references, should be forwarded to Box 143.

SOCIALIST publications. Fabian Society requires editorial assistant who will work more for love than for money. Experience of layout and proof reading essential. Suit older woman. 5-day week, 4 weeks' holiday. Congenial colleagues. About £3 6s. 3d. p.w. half-time. Write to the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

COMPUTRESS. A small group engaged in statistical research at a well-known American University seeks a capable computress who wishes to move, at her own expense, to the United States. Send details of experience and references to Box 48.

ASSISTANT Secretary required in Editor's office of National weekly women's magazine. Work is purely secretarial, but varied and interesting. Applicants should have proficient shorthand-typing, pleasant telephone manner and a sense of responsibility. Age group 21-23. Write to Box 170.

SHORTHAND-Typist for interesting work with National Marriage Guidance Council. Experience of social work or publications an advantage. 5-day week, optional pension scheme. Written applications with age, experience and salary required to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

INTERESTING job for intelligent girl, 25-35, leading to full charge City office. Must be good typist. Box 183.

TRAVEL Agency, central London, reqs. sh./typist for evening work, 5.30-7.30, 4/5 evgs. p.w. Write fully Box 81.

SECRETARY-Shorthand Typist. Interesting work for right person. Starting salary £8 p.w. Opt. superann. Apply in writing to General Sec., National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

INTELLIGENT girl wanted for publishers' office. Typing essential, shorthand an advantage, must have reliable arithmetic. Job is secretarial assistant in Art department and is varied and interesting. Box 259.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

ASSISTANT required for Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau, some experience essential. Salary £364 p.a., Superannuation Scheme. Write stating age and qualifications to Chairman, C.S.S., Town Hall, Friern Barnet, N.11.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat provides and is always glad to welcome educated women with really good secretarial qualifications. Posts at commencing salaries of £10 and with excellent prospects, always available for suitably qualified women. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau. 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

RESIDENT helper for doctor's family, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. (No patients.) Other help empld., easy post, ample free time. Cheerful, bookish family. Foreigner welc. Hume, 13 Wildwood Rd., N.W.11.

GOOD home & sal. for nanny/kindly woman (25-45), expd. childr., for boy 14 months. Own room cent. Lond. 11-day fortnight. Refs. Box 195.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ACCOUNTANT, 20 yrs. exp., sks. remunerative employment. Writing ability, organiser, musician, literary interests. Box 35.

SUGGESTIONS? F., 35, intd. sociology, exp. welf., med./rec. Typg. Box 116.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YOUNG male Arts graduate with practical & literary knowledge French & German, seeks employment. Box 193.

NORTHERN Spanish married couple, ages 28 & 22 (butler or gardener/handyman & cook/general) ready to leave Spain now. First-class refs. & knowl. English. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

ACCOUNTANT/Office Manager, organising exp., reqs. worthwhile post. Box 130.

HARDWORKING female (27), 6 years' theatre, 3 restaurant management, seeks civilised employment. Box 161.

GENT. reqs. MSS./proof reading, book reviewg., space sellg., sh./typ. Box 92.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Public Administration. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £700—£1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than March 1, 1957.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. A Major Bursary of £90 per annum and an Minor Bursary of £60 per annum, tenable from September, 1957, at this Independent, Co-educational Day and Boarding School may be awarded on the results of an examination to be held on March 18, 1957, to prospective boarder pupils born between September 1, 1944, and August 31, 1946. Prospectus and further particulars from the Bursar. Completed applics. should be made to Headmaster by Mar. 1, 1957.

SCHOOLS

BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly of full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

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FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

DUPLICATING, Typing, Translations, Verbatim Reporting. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19 (ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701).

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

AUTHORS' MSS; any length typed in 7 days (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Short stories, etc., by return. Typescripts carefully checked. Great emphasis laid on accuracy and attractive presentation. Overnight Service: Open until 9 p.m. and week-ends. Teledicta Service: Dictate letters, translations, memoranda, etc., over telephone—9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Four-hour Duplicating Service. Indexing, cataloguing, editing, proof-reading, Literary research, etc. Temporary Secretaries. Dictating Machine Services. Public/private meetings reported. Recording machines for hire. Translations from and into all languages. Secretarial Aunts, 32/34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

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FOR expert typing of all descriptions telephone Mrs. Fuller, LIVingstone 5915.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

MRS. JOLLY will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

MANUSCRIPTS, correspondence, reports, expertly typed. Box 159.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "N.S. & N." 1950-1957; "New Yorkers," back numbers 1947-1956, offers?; Russian letters typewriter, new portable, £20; Tape Recorder (Editor), as new; Men's skis, boots, trousers.

WANTED: Play by Klabund entitled "XYZ"; Used Chambers's Encyclopædia or Britannica.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Bed & bfast 12s. nightly. H. & c. 2 mins. Underground. Cleff House Hotel, The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

PLEAS. div. rm. o'lkg. gdn. Quiet hse., h. & c. bas., all elec. eqp. Own meter, lin., china, share tel., bath. Nr. Hornsey Rise bus. 37s. 6d. p.w. long let. ARC. 3657.

FURN. dble. room to let for two friends or married couple. PAD. 8140.

B/S. rm., use kit. & bathrm., in middle-aged Jewish lady's modern flat, Stamford Hill district. AMH. 3951.

2 yng. bachelors, own hse., rm. for anr. Nr. tube. 20 mins. City. Box 199.

HAMPSTEAD. Prof. woman offers sing. rm., h. & c. basin. 3gns. SWI. 2524.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan-rooms, single 2gns., double 3gns. Quiet, well-kept house. TUD. 8207.

APPROXIMATELY 20 furnished apartments avail. in this & nearby districts. Rooms from 30s. single, 40s. double. Flats from 50s. Regret no chldn. L.A.B. GER. 9050.

B/S., share b., kit., use tel. 50s. No interference. Coloured welc. RIC. 6839.

COMFORT. lge. dbl. div-sitting-rooms to let. H. & C. ckg. facs., linen, service. 3½ to 4 gns. N.W.2. GLAdstone 1287.

COMF. room to let in private Jewish household. Ring after 7 p.m. WIL. 2029.

B/S. for gent. Newly dec., quiet hse., all conv., h. & c., use kit., bath. Hamp. Gdn. Sub. Nr. bus, tube. SPE. 0925.

ACCOMMODATION offered, Crouch End 2 yng. ladies. Dble. bedroom, share kit., bath, sit. 35s. each. Box 213.

LARGE furnished double room. H. & c., ckg. facs. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

WEST Hampstead. 6 newly furn. & dec. b/s. rms., ckg. facs. All sunny & clean. £2 5s. to £2 15s. p.w. Refs. MAI. 3276.

COMF. furn. flatlet: b/s, own kit. & bath-room, w.c. £3. N.W.11. MEA. 2672.

PUTNEY. Attractively furnished divan-room with kitchen. Intellectual preferred. £2 15s. per week. PUT. 3395.

SUNNY bed-sitting-room, use kitchen. £2 10s. Wembley Park. ARNold 6974.

GENT offers another lion's share modern mews flat W.8. C.h.w., cleaning, heating, all incl. 6gns. p.w. Box 9758.

SEMI-S.C. flat in Highbury available for business girl. 2gns. p.w. Share with 1 other. Avail. Feb. 15. MUS. 3152 ext. 4.

TWO rooms, furnished, cooker. 5 gns. Or separate, 3 & 2 gns. each. Off Church St. Kensington. BAY. 0424 after 6 p.m.

15 mn. W. End. Lady ofrs. lady share new m'ette Barnes. 60s. Refs. RIC. 4926.

N. WALES. Furn. mountain bungalow. Sleep 4. £4 4s. wkly. Miss Hartstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

YORKSHIRE Dales, furn. bungalow, sleep 4. Electricity, bath. Special terms March-May. Dale Garth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

PROFESSIONAL woman urgently requires small s/c unfurnished flat, W. or N.W. London. Moderate rent. Willing to purchase some furniture & fittings. Box 93.

FORMER secretary to Editor of N.S. & N., now on staff of a School of the University, seeks unfurn. accom., 3 rooms, k. & b., for herself and mother, Chalk Farm/Reg. Pk. Bloomsbury area. Rent £200/£225 p.a. or wd. consid. purchase of flat. Box 219.

LARGE organisation urgently requires furn. accommodation, flats, flatlets (own cookers essential) within 30 minutes of Piccadilly Circus. No agents. L.A.B., Ger. 9050.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SEVENOAKS: Owner going U.S. offers for one year furn. mod. house from mid-Feb. 4 bed., 2 rec., full cent. htg., gdn., garage space. 7 gns. Box 201.

UNFURN./furn. small cottage/flat nr. Slough wanted by research worker for two years. Delightfully modernised 3/4 bedroom old cottage, large garden, village nr. Retford in exch./sale, £1,900/offers. Box 113.

YOUNG prof. couple (harmless) seek s/c. furnished flat, Chelsea area, from April 1. Box 149.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

MAIDA Vale: large elderly house with possibilities, £1,450. 3 flats: 2 occupied (at present) controlled rents, 1 vacant (4 rms., kit., bath). 1 min. tube, buses. 10 yr. lease at £100 p.a. ground rent. Box 9745.

HINDHEAD. Attractive det. house, nr. shops, buses. 3 beds., 2 recep., bathrm., 2 sep. w.c.s, garage, large det. residential studio (with all services). Charming garden. Freehold £3,500. Box 147.

MODERNISED cott., f'hold, v.p., £2,100. Orkney-Work, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

WHERE TO STAY

FARM Holidays—get your 1957 Farm Holiday Guide with Britain's best farm houses covering every county from Land's End to John O'Groats; price 3s. 6d. Farm Holiday Guide, Dept. NS, 18 High Street, Paisley.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

IRISH Holiday. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Eire, offers select modern accommodation; first-class cuisine; glorious scenery. Boating, fishing, motor trips available. Brochure on request. Book early to avoid disappointment.

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

YOUR summer holiday, 1957. Come to sunny Devon. Barricane Priv. Hotel adj. famous Barricane beach (board res.), also holiday flats & furn. bungalows all at Woolacombe, 3 mls. golden sands. M. M. Garness, Barricane Hotel, Woolacombe. Tel. 44 or 76.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton, Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

C'WALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac. Tel. 285. Homely guesthse., facing sea, farm prod., nr. coach tours depot. Gd. food 5-7 gns.

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